RED CARS

An Original Screenplay
by
David Cronenberg

Copyright © 1999 All rights reserved

1. EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN MARKETPLACE - DAY

The screen fills with a giant close-up of the Ferrari symbol so well-known to millions: a black prancing horse on a yellow field with Italian green, white and red stripes above, the name FERRARI below. The camera pulls back to reveal that the Ferrari emblem is a small enameled metal plate bolted to the snout of a blood-red Ferrari Grand Prix car - an aggressive-looking open-wheeled single-seater with an unusual twin-nostril front grill design for which it has been given the nick-name shark-nose.

It is 1961.

We are in the midst of a hot, crowded South American market-place.

The car recedes further from us now, pulled back behind a row of ramshackle wooden market stalls by a couple of furtive shady-looking locals who seem to be hiding the potent, charis-matic little machine from its rightful owners. They are having trouble maneuvering the thing, however, because its steering wheel is missing. They argue heatedly with each other in Portuguese but are managing to get the job done.

It is a strange place for there to be race cars or indeed any cars, but none of the market-goers pay any attention to the striking vehicle.

Just as the Ferrari is swallowed up by the crowd, Phil Hill steps into the foreground.

Phil Hill is a 34-year-old Santa Monican of medium build and intense, taut demeanor. His eyes project a moody, micro-scopically observant intelligence. He is wearing Grand Prix race gear of the period: a pale blue cotton Dunlop race suit; peaked open-faced helmet with leather ear flaps; string-back driving gloves; soft leather bicycle shoes. A pair of split-glass, fighter pilotstyle goggle hangs around his neck and, oddly, he is carrying a wood-rimmed racing steering wheel with the Ferrari emblem at the centre. Hill is obviously looking for the car that goes with his steering wheel. Some-where from behind the wall of marketgoers erupts the sound of a racing engine barking into life. As the engine is revved mercilessly, Hill looks around anxiously as he tries to pin-point the source of the sound.

Hill begins to stalk through the marketplace looking for his racecar, tracking the sound which seems to constantly shift just out of reach. Despite his race clothes, he passes un-noticed amongst the dusty, swirling crowd.

1. CONT'D

Finally, Hill catches a dreamlike glimpse of the red car through the haze and the throng, drifting apparently under its own power past a steaming food stall. Hill gives chase, but when he rounds the corner of the stall he finds another kind of Ferrari: Dino Ferrari, a sweet but sickly, palpably fragile boy of about twenty-four. Hill approaches Dino. When Dino spots Hill, a cloud of concern moves over his face.

DINO
Signor Phil. What are you doing here? You are in the wrong place are you not?

HILL
Not if the racecars are here. If the racecars are here, then I'm at the right place. I'M A RACECAR DRIVER, Dino. You know that. I'm looking for my car. I'm racing your father's car, now. You knew that, didn't you?

DINO
Oh, but my father... I don't think he expected you to find us.

Dino looks anxiously over his shoulder. Hill follows his eyes and sees Enzo Ferrari in the crowd.

HILL
Your father is here, Dino? Ferrari is here? What is he doing here?

DINO
MY FATHER...?

HILL
This is really something Ferrari never comes to races.

Ferrari spots them and comes over, a stern look on his face. Hill is suddenly worried. Enzo Ferrari, founder and patriarch of the Ferrari automobile dynasty, is tall, portly and formidable. His features are peasantlike, crudely dynamic, but his bearing is regal, if not arrogant. He wears darkly tinted prescription glasses which make his complex presence even harder to read.

HILL
Dino, has he seen the article in Motor Trend?
(PANICKY)
Has he!?

1. CONT'D

Dino turns his face away. Tears stream down his face.

DINO
I can't help you, Phil.
You know my problem...
My problem is... well,
you know MY PROBLEM.

Dino melts away into the crowd, waving goodbye sadly.

Ferrari reaches Hill.

FERRARI
Filippo, caro mio!
Ti abbraccio!

Ferrari embraces Hill.

HILL
(RELIEVED)
You aren't upset. You liked
the article. It didn't
offend you.

Suddenly Ferrari pushes Hill away violently and begins the most abusive tongue-lashing imaginable.

FERRARI
How could you betray me like
that? Do you really think
those things about me or have
you taken money from my
enemies...?

HILL
Look, I said what I felt in my
heart. I feel these things
about you in my heart.

FERRARI
I treated you like a son, like
my own son Dino... And now you
are dead to me as surely as
Dino...
(TURNS AWAY AND SOBS)
Oh Dino...

HILL
(CONFUSED)
Dino is dead? But I just...
I just...

Hill looks around for Dino but can't pick him out of the crowd.

1. CONT'D

Ferrari is wracked by sobs. Hill tries to comfort him, to hold him. But now Ferrari pulls away, and in doing falls over backwards, almost comically, and cracks his head on the pavement.

HILL
Oh, my God!
Ferrari... has Ferrari died?

Hill runs to him, but as he's lying there Ferrari starts shrinking up, smaller and smaller, until he's only two feet long. Hill shouts to the nearest bystanders, who can only look on dumbfounded.

HILL
We've got to do something.
Call an ambulance!

Hill lifts Ferrari up and starts to carry him through the crowd. Suddenly Ferrari comes to - the impression we get is that he has been faking all along. He bites Hill on the arm so hard that Hill has to drop him.

FERRARI
You think you can diminish
me but you cannot.
You are all smaller than
ENZO FERRARI!
ALL of you!

2. EXT. PENSION. MONACO - MORNING

Hill wakes up in a sweat, clutching his forearm where the dream Ferrari has bitten him. He finds that he is clutching the hand of Richie Ginther, who has been trying to shake Hill awake. Ginther is a jockey-sized, freckle-faced fellow Santa Monican with a crew cut and an easy-going gently ironic disposition.

GINTHER
You ready to wake up, now?
It's five-twenty. We got
a practice at seven.

HILL
Damn. I just had my first
anxiety dream of the season.
It caught me completely off-
guard. I thought I'd have
something tomorrow night.

Richie Ginther has a tiny jar of Gerber baby food and a spoon in his free hand. He stands up and starts to spoon the mush into his mouth.

2. CONT'D

GINTHER
You know, you're the first guy
I ever met who schedules
his nightmares.
(taps the spoon against the jar)
This stuff isn't half bad
if you think of it as dessert.

HILL
It was a DREAM,
not a NIGHTMARE.

Hill bounds out of bed and grabs the Gerber jar away from Ginther. He examines the jar (it's pureed pear): there's only a third left.

HILL
You're eating my baby food?
You know how hard it is to
get American baby food here!
Where's the cap?

Ginther gestures towards the top of the dresser in the corner. Hill finds the jar cap and screws it carefully back in place.

The Monegasque pension which they share - Ginther gets the filmsy canvas cot - is the antithesis of the glamour one associates with Monte Carlo and the French Riviera.

It is cramped and dark and musty, and everything in the place seems to have suffered water damage at some point on the distant past.

While Hill deals with the baby food, Ginther picks up a bottle of Gelusil from Hill's beside table. The label explains how the stuff soothes anguished guts.

GINTHER
I draw the line at this, though.
This is disgusting.

Ginther puts the Gelusil back next to a very thick and well-thumbed hardcover book. Ginther picks it up. It is an American edition of Jean-Paul Sarte's existentialist epic Being and Nothingness.

GINTHER
And this... even worse. Is this
what you were reading in the
middle of the night?

HILL
I couldn't sleep.

2. CONT'D

GINTHER
(HEFTING THE BOOK)
No kiddin'.

HILL
(DISTRACTED)
They've given me that damn bad engine today, I just know it. It won't be an accident, either.

GINTHER
Oh, yeah? Who's got in for you today? Chiti? Tavoni? Your mechanics?

HILL
No. Ferrari.

3. EXT. MONACO RACE COURSE - DAY

We are in a Ferrari Grand Prix racecar - the one with the shark nose - with Phill Hill. The dense and gorgeously textured streets of Monte Carlo unspool before us: the tunnel opening onto the waterfront, the swimming-pool chicane preceding the harbour which is swollen with gently bobbing yachts, the stone wall lining the sharply dropping Gasworks hairpin.

Through the plexiglass windscreen we encounter and pass several other sleek, cigar-shaped racecars: Cooper, Lotus, BRM, another Ferrari, Porsche. Suddenly, thick oily smoke begins to roil up in front of the windscreen. Our cars slows dramatically and is re-passed by the last three cars we have just gone by.

We see Hill's fist hammer at the steering wheel in anger.

HILL (O.S.)
(VERY ANGRY)
Why is this always so damned predictable?!

4. EXT. MONACO RACE COURSE - PITS - DAY

Hill pulls into the pits, an area bordering the track where each race team has its own space in which to service its race-cars should trouble arise during a race or - as in this case - a practice run. Unique to Monaco, the pits, like the track it-self, are barricaded sections of the actual streets of the city.

4. CONT'D

Hill locks the brakes at the well-marked Ferrari pit, smoke pouring out of the cockpit and the engine compartment which is directly behind the driver. He jumps out of the car and starts to yell at the two Italian mechanics - one old, one young - who have jumped over the pit wall to attend to his cars.

YOUNG MECHANIC
He is very philosophical, no, the American?

OLD MECAHNIC
Sounds to me like he's an EXISTENTIALIST. SARTE'S very popular in the U.S. now, very chic.

YOUNG MECHANIC
Well, the American won't live long. He thinks too much.

OLD MECHANIC
I disagree. Philosophy won't kill a racer. It will just make him slow.

5. EXT. MONACO STREET - DAY

Hill pushes his way past the gendarmes keeping the crowds out of the pits and strides past a small cafe only a few metres away from the track. Hill suddenly notices Ginther sitting calmly at one of the tables, still in his street clothes, a coffee in front of him, a wind-up stop watch in his hand. Racecars blast past, their shock waves lifting the edges of the tablecloths.

Hill sits down beside Ginther and peels off his greasy driving gloves.

HILL
What happened to you? I thought you were all set to go out for practice?

GINTHER
They want me to use the new 120 degree engine, but it won't be ready till tomorrow.

HILL
That motor could be an advantage here. It has a much lower centre of gravity.

5. CONT'D

GINTHER
(SHRUGS)
Well, after all, I did sign on to be the guinea pig.
(CHECKS HIS STOPWATCH)
You were going well until you blew up. Your last lap was a 1.39.8.

HILL
How FAST is von Trips?

GINTHER
Exactly THE SAME as you.

HILL
Who's faster?

GINTHER
Stirling Moss by half a second.

HILL
Moss is going to be very danger-ous here, even in last year's Lotus.

GINTHER
I dunno. We've got this year's top racehorse. It should be easy.

HILL
But Monaco isn't really a race-track. It's more like... like somebody's big living room back home. And a dog can do faster laps around a living room than a thorough-bred racehorse can.

Ginther laughs. A waiter comes over to their table and sets down a citron presse. Hill works his mouth, which is very dry.

GINTHER
Why don't you have the citron presse? I'm still working on my coffee.

HILL
Thanks, but it's too acidic for me.
(TO WAITER)
De l'eau, s'il vous plait.

The waiter backs away with a sarcastic bow and leaves.

5. CONT'D

HILL
I think there's more than one guinea pig on this team. I think we're all guinea pigs and Ferrari is master of the big lab experiment we call the Ferrari Formula One Team.

GINTHER
Is that what you were saying to the mechanics?

HILL
In a way, I guess I was lacerating them with existentialist slogans - quoting from that book you found on my desk.

GINTHER
You think they understood you?

HILL
I know they did. As I was walking away I heard them say that any driver who believed in existentialism was destined to be a slow driver.

GINTHER
Wow! The mechanics were saying that?

HILL
Yeah.

GINTHER
Wait a minute. You're a Santa Monica boy. You can't speak Italian.
(LAUGHS)
I bet they weren't saying that. You're just projecting your own twisted, paranoid thoughts onto them.

HILL
I woke up one morning and I realized I'd been here so long I could speak Italian. I could eavesdrop the mechanics I've never let on that I can understand them IT'S MY SECRET WEAPON.

GINTHER
Lemme hear you say something in Italian.

Hill rattles off something that sounds convincingly Italian to Ginther's ear.

5. CONT'D

GINTHER
What's that mean,
what you just said?

HILL
It means, The boss,
The Enzo Ferrari, thinks
life is an opera.

6. INT. OPERA HOUSE IN MODENA - NIGHT

An operatic character obviously modeled on Enzo Ferrari sits alone on stage. The set around him is an elaborate re-creation of the Ferrari race factory of five or more years ago, chassis of racecars on rails, tools, bodywork. The opera Ferrari sings in Italian, which is translated in sub-titles.

OPERA FERRARI
(IN ITALIAN)
For me there are no vacations,
no holidays. My life is here
with my RACECARS, here at the
factory that bears my name.
Alone, without distraction I
can sometimes conceive of that
one detail that will shock my
competitors and assure that the
name FERRARI will shine in the
victory circle.

Onstage, the huge factory doors slide open, the lights flicked on, and the first arrivals of the new week come in: mechanics, managers, shift workers. They chatter and babble until they see the dramatic figure of Ferrari. Whispers: Ferrari, he's still here, he's never left, he never leaves, etc. Ferrari turns to them, at which point they fall silent.

OPERA FERRARI
Come in, my children, come join me
before the fire, the eternal,
fire of international competition...

The mechanics pick up their tools and begin to sing.

OPERA MECHANICS
(SINGING IN ITALIAN)
We shall ride the Prancing Horse,
the horse of the house of Ferrari,
we shall be victorious and bring
the laurels back to our beloved land,
this land of Italy.

In the audience we now find Enzo Ferrari himself, the real Ferrari, LAUGHING GENTLY, BUT WITH TEARS IN HIS EYES.

7. INT. MODENA OPERA LOBBY - NIGHT

A small reception is in progress after the opera. Ferrari drinks and laughs with friends, including Chief Engineer Carlo Chiti. Chiti is immense, even taller and fatter than Ferrari, bespectacled, humorous, passionate.

FERRARI
Yes, it is true that my first dream was to be an opera singer, but unfortunately a complete lack of talent ended that dream rather brutally.

ELEGANT WOMAN
Speaking of brutal, is that wonderful driver of yours here, the German Count...what's his name?

FERRARI
Wolfgang Graf Berghe von Trips? But there is nothing brutal about the man. Look, that's COUNT VON TRIPS over there.

Ferrari indicates a tall German in his early thirties who stands near the bar laughing with Ginther and some friends, including von Trips's absolutely gorgeous German girlfriend, Butzi. He is VERY HANDSOME, with a FINE AQUILINE NOSE and ARISTOCRATIC BEARING.

FERRARI
Now tell me if you can't sense even at this distance that he is a true aristocrat, a complete gentleman with very sophisticated taste...

ELEGANT WOMAN
But he is brutally *attractive*, Signor Ferrari. For me, he is without pity.

Ferrari bows his head to the woman, gracious in defeat. In his own way, Ferrai feels the same about Count von Trips. There is general laughter.

CHITI
All the drivers are here, Signora, except for the American Phil Hill. You have to seek them out, and I am sure that they will be yours for the night.

The woman giggles and cruises off towards von Trips. Ferrari turns towards Chiti.

7. CONT'D

FERRARI
Hill is not here? Was he somehow not invited? I know that he loves the opera and pretends not to understand Italian.

CHITI
He was invited, Ferrari, but he graciously and regretfully declined to attend. He is preparing for the race, he said, and it occupies all his attention.

Ferrari nods, grunts. HE HAS MIXED FEELINGS ABOUT HILL.

8. INT. PENSION. MONACO - NIGHT

We are close on a rusty piece of water pipe being slipped through the centre holes of two concrete building blocks. We pull back as Hill hoists this crude dumbell over his back and, wearing boxer-style swimming trunks and a tee-shirt, begins to execute a vigorous set of squats.

Ginther opens the door and walks into the room, still feeling a pleasant buzz from the Ferrari party. The Hill-created atmosphere in the pension is all business, zero frivolity. Ginther closes the door slowly and sits on his cot.

GINTHER
(WITH AFFECTIONATE IRONY)
I'm glad to see you're using your time wisely, Phil.

HILL
Monaco is hell on my legs, and with the smaller motors this year there's going to be even more clutch work. You didn't get to practice but you'll soon see. How was the party?

GINTHER
It was fun. The Ferrari opera was hilarious. Mechanics singing with torque wrenches in their hands. You would have loved it.

HILL
Yeah. Yeah, I probably would have. Was Trips there?

GINTHER
Von Trips is *still* there. He knows how to party.

8. CONT'D

HILL
Yeah. BASTARD knows how to PLAY POLITICS, too.

9. EXT. STREETS OF MONACO. MONACO GRAND PRIX - DAY

Three-blood red shark-nose Ferraris are chasing one boxy, dark blue Lotus 18 around the streets of Monaco. The order is Moss first, then Hill, Ginther, von Trips.

The elegant international crowd ripples with excitement as the cars come scrabbling around the corners. The cars are a study in contrasts: the nimble, under-powered Lotus is perfectly poised on the limit of adhesion, its slow-turning four-cylinder engine raspy and guttural; the Ferraris have to be muscled around the corners, sliding and twitching, then rocket down the short straights with their high-revving V-6 engines howling and shrieking.

For the spectators it is drinks on terraces cooled by the Mediterranean breeze, parasols, and the exhilaration of a close race. For the drivers, whose style effort and personality is readily apparent because of their open-faced helmets and upright driving posture, the race is a tough, demanding, unforgiving grind requiring hundreds of critical gearshifts and an elaborate dance over the clutch, brake and throttle.

Try as he might, Hill cannot get close enough to the flying Moss Lotus to attempt a serious pass, while he can see in his mirrors that Ginther has no trouble staying on his own tail. Despairing of ever catching Moss, Hill waves Ginther by as they accelerate up Ste. Devote to the Hotel de Paris.

Ginther is faster than Hill, and he gets closer to Moss, even side by side with at times, but when the checkered flag comes out it is Moss who has won, Ginther second, Hill third, von Trips a distant fourth.

10. INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE. MARANELLO - NIGHT

Ferrari sits in his Maranello office, a dingy, stark, blue-walled room that has taken on the trappings of a shrine. It has only a small conference table and a large photograph OF A SMILING DINO, FERRARI'S DEAD SON, the photo draped in black. Beneath the portrait is a vase filled with fresh flowers.

Ferrari is studying old press clippings, all organized acc-ording to writer and subject and underlined in yellow ink.

10. CONT'D

His press aide, Gianni Roghi, enters. Roghi is a slim, scholarly man who has been commissioned by Ferrari to ghostwrite an autobiography.

ROGHI
The press are waiting, Ferrari.

FERRARI
The dogs will attack me for our defeat. I must be prepared. Look at this one, you can be sure that Rinaldi will once again bring up the question of our lack of an Italian driver.

ROGHI
I'm sure you are right, Ferrari.

FERRARI
(PAUSE)
Shall we meet the dog pack now?

ROGHI
If you feel ready, Ferrari.

FERRARI
The lion is never completely ready to face the dogs, Gianni.

Roghi's face lights up.

ROGHI
Maybe that is the title we've been looking for *The Lion and the Dogs!*

FERRARI
For my autobiography?
(CONSIDERS IT)
Perhaps, Gianni. Perhaps THE LION FACES THE DOGS...

11. INT. MARANELLO PRESS ROOM - NIGHT

FERRARI does in fact resemble A LION facing an immense bristling dog pack, and one that smells blood.

The Italian press take their auto racing very seriously, especially when Ferrari, with whom they have a love/hate relationship, is concerned. The many sporting papers in Italy are stridently jingoistic, and failure in a sporting endeavour is equated with treason, betrayal of the entire nation.

11. CONT'D

Ferrari sits at a table on a slightly raised platform with a pitcher of water, a glass, and a thick sheaf of papers his only allies as he faces the belligerent room. The table in front of him is strewn with microphones and portable tape recorders.

The aforementioned Rinaldi is in the process of oozing sarcasm from the middle of the packed press room, safe in the knowledge than Ferrari has just suffered a humiliating defeat and will be enthusiastically castigated for it.

RINALDI
Two Americans, a German, occasionally a Mexican... is there not an Italian in all of Italy who is good enough to drive for Ferrari? Must we have nothing but foreigners in our red cars?

JOURNALIST #2
In fact, every kind of foreigner except the kind that can win races - namely, the English kind!

General caustic merriment.

JOURNALIST #3
Yes, of course! If we must insult Italian honour, let us at least have Stirling Moss and win some races.

RINALDI
No, no... Ferrari needs Phil Hill so he can sell more Ferrari road cars to rich Americans! The English don't buy enough Ferraris.

JOURNALIST #4
But at least we could perhaps drop the German from our team, this gentleman driver Count von Trips who is so elegant and refined he can do no better than fourth. Maybe he should just wait for Mercedes-Benz to come back into racing instead of taking up space on an Italian team.

More cheers and laughter and then, finally, silence.

Ferrari surveys the room with barely concealed disdain, then takes an elaborate sip of water. He puts down the glass, sighs heavily, and deftly sorts through the huge wad of press clippings in front of him. What he finds the one he wants, he gestures with it towards Rinaldi, then begins to speak.

11. CONT'D

FERRARI
On July 14, 1958, you, journalist Rinaldi, wrote this. "The recent deaths of the two Italian heroes Eugenio Castellotti and Luigi Musso at the wheel of Ferrari Grand Prix cars demonstrates that the pressure to win for an Italian driver in a Ferrari is too great. Driven relentlessly to bring honour to Italy causes even great drivers like these to make fatal mistakes. Perhaps it truly would be better to hire only cold-blooded mercenary drivers from other countries to drive Ferraris, drivers who - not concerned with national honour - could make more realistic and safer use of our brilliant Italian machines."

Great laughter and hilarity, but all of it now directed at Rinaldi, who shrugs, flushes with embarrassment, and tries to look nonchalant.

Ferrari looks up from his clippings with a fierce frown, then thunders at the hapless Rinaldi.

FERRARI
HYPOCRITE! HYPOCRITE!
Are you completely WITHOUT PRINCIPLES OR HONOUR?
I have taken your advice and now you attempted to humiliate me for it in public!

Amused cries of "For shame!" from the other journalists. Ferrari rattles his clippings and scans the entire room with a theatrical, embittered expression. Although everyone in the room is giving a public performance, the charisma and power of Ferrari is such that he can induce genuine, unspecific fear in this roomful of journalists, like an old schoolteacher who somehow terrifies his former students even though they are now men.

FERRARI
I do not see too many men here today who can afford to laugh. Ferrari reads everything that you write, and Ferrari forgets nothing. For it is you and your disdain for truth that will ultimately force me to give up racing in despair. Now, who was it who mentioned Mercedes-Benz and the German driver Count von Trips?

11. CONT'D

Journalist #4 tries to slump down in his seat behind the man in front of him, but it is obvious that Ferrari is just toying with him. He knows very well who it was and has already prepared his angle of counter-attack.

12. INT. PENSION. MONACO - MORNING

Ginther comes in. Hill is packing.

GINTHER
You traveling directly to Zandvoort with Taffy von Trips?

HILL
Yeah, I oughta do something for team solidarity.

GINTHER
What you ought to do is use the opportunity to psyche him out.

HILL
Can't be done. He's the perfect driver. Just ask Ferrari.

GINTHER
Maybe he's just playing you off against each other.

HILL
On one level, yes, maybe. But on another one, he likes Trips, he's impressed by aristocrats despite himself. A race driver who was born and raised in a castle. You gotta admit that's good. What about you? How are you getting down?

GINTHER
I'm gonna go back to Maranello and do some more testing. I'm not sure that the 120 is gonna be your best motor for Zandvoort. It's got those wide sweepers. I'll train down later. I like to read something light on the train.

From the inside of his windbreaker pocket, Ginther produces an enormous paperback edition of BEING and NOTHINGNESS.

13. EXT. CAFE'. MONACO STREET - DAY

Hill sits at the same cafe, same table, that he sat at with Ginther after his car caught fire in practice. The barriers which formed the racetrack are already gone, however as are the crowds, and hill, his duffle bag at his feet, looks more like a hitch-hiker than a Grand Prix driver.

13. CONT'D

A SILVER FERRARI CALIFORNIA SPIDER howls up to the curbside, top down, brakes and squealing. Wolfgang "Taffy" von Trips is at the wheel. He smiles at Hill and mischievously taps the horn, thus attracting the attention of everybody in the cafe who might not have noticed him.

Hill winces, then grabs his gear and quickly walks over to the Ferrari before von Trips honks again.

HILL
I didn't expect the Ferrari.

VON TRIPS
Too dramatic for you?

Hill throws his bag into the trunk and gets into the passenger seat.

HILL
Ferrari road cars aren't very reliable, didn't you know that? I'd hate to have to explain to Tavoni that we were late for practice because our Ferrari broke down.

VON TRIPS
But you're a licensed mechanic, aren't you?

HILL
Jaguars and MGs only. They take my license away if I touch an Italian car.

Von Trips laughs and they pull out onto the road.

HILL
What's this?

He has turn reaching under his seat, a wind-up 16mm camera with three lenses on a rotating nosepiece.

VON TRIPS
That's my camera, My Bolex. I always carry it with me, even in the racecar.

Hill sights through the eyepiece at the rapidly receding streets of Monaco.

HILL
Why do you do that?

VON TRIPS
I use it to keep things from disappearing.

14. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD BETWEEN MONACO AND HOLLAND - DAY

A beautiful day, a beautiful road. Von Trips drives quickly but not insanely. Hill relaxes as the warm air flows over him, the twelve cylinder motor purrs its silky song. To be in a Ferrari is to be at home.

15. INT. OPEN FERRARI - DAY

VON TRIPS
Mother says you promised to take her to the Salzburg Music Festival.

HILL
I did, and now I'm worried I won't be there at the right time.

VON TRIPS
But you will stay with us at the castle for the German Grand Prix? We're not far from the Nurburgring, remember. Mother has asked me to insist on her behalf.

HILL
Of course, I'll stay, yes. Thank you.

Hill takes a surreptitious sip from an ugly, medicinal brown bottle with an Italian label which he has produced with some difficulty from a canvas handbag he has kept at his feet in the car. Von Trips notices but is not surprised. He knows Hill well.

VON TRIPS
Is that something new?

HILL
You mean the medicine or the aliment?

VON TRIPS
Either one.

HILL
It's something I found in the Farmacia in Modena. For stomach upset.

VON TRIPS
Are you still vomiting before each race?

HILL
Only the ones you set the fastest practice times in.

VON TRIPS
I would never take Italian medicine.

15. CONT'D

HILL
Really? I hear Dr. Porsche takes this stuff.

Von Trips almost falls for it, then laughs.

HILL
But seriously, here's something I think you really should consider carrying with you along with your Bolex.

Hill rummages around his bag and pulls out a handful of paper packets of fructose crystals. He holds them up so that von Trips can glance at them. Each one bears a tiny colorful picture of a fruit and the words Dextro Energen.

HILL
You were dangerously dehydrated after Monaco, and it could make you make mistakes. I suggest taking one of these just before the race, plus no coffee or tea for at least two days before a race, they're desiccants, they can leave you parched without your even realizing it, and then...

Von Trips shakes his head and laughs.

VON TRIPS
This is all reminding me of a wonderful dream I had about Ferrari last night.

HILL
(INSTANTLY ENVIOUS)
A wonderful DREAM about FERRARI?

VON TRIPS
Yes. He was like a father to me, so affectionate and concerned...

HILL
Really?

VON TRIPS
Yes. The only problem was that my real father was quite jealous. I didn't quite know what to do.

HILL
And was your mother in the dream?

VON TRIPS
Now that you mention it, yes, she was. I had forgotten that entirely I think she, too, preferred Ferrari. That was also disturbing. What do you think the dream meant?

Hill thinks for a beat, then replies with absolute certainty.

15. CONT'D

HILL
Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Most dreams are quite meaningless.

VON TRIPS
(DISAPPOINTED)
Really? How sad.

HILL
Except, of course, for track dreams.

VON TRIPS
TRACK DREAMS?

HILL
Don't you ever dream that you're driving a particular racetrack? Experimenting with the lines, practicing, discovering things you never knew before about the track surface?

VON TRIPS
No, I never have. Obviously, you do.

HILL
Yes, in fact I've trained and disciplined my mind so that I do in the week before each race. The result is that I can always get in three or four more times laps of practice - if I include my dream laps - than anybody else in the race.

VON TRIPS
(ON THE VERGE OF BUYING IT)
Really... hm, interesting...

HILL
I'm so relaxed and comfortable with the track by the time the race starts.

VON TRIPS
That you VOMIT YOUR GUTS OUT?

HILL
That's a cleansing thing that I do I'm in complete control of that I learned it from the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico. It invigorates the nervous system and improves hand-eye co-ordination.

VON TRIPS
(GENUINELY FASCINATED)
Really, really...?

15. CONT'D

Hill happily plays with the fructose packets in his hands, flipping them over and over. Maybe he actually has managed to psyche out the normally unflappable von Trips after all. Then a thought occurs to him. He rattles the packets so that Von Trips can hear them.

HILL
(RATTLING PACKETS)
But what was it about these that made you think of your wonderful Ferrari dream?

VON TRIPS
Oh, well, in my dream you appeared as an old lady - my mother's sister, I think. Yes, yes - you were my maiden aunt.

HILL
I was your maiden aunt.

VON TRIPS
Yes. With a marvelous frilly hat. And what was really quite lovely was, you were always taking care of everyone, always giving them medications for colds and fevers and so on... You were really lovely in the dream.

HILL
Was I?

VON TRIPS
Yes. So kind.

Von Trips laughs an amused little laugh as he recalls Hill's presence in his dream.

Hill quietly stuffs the fructose packets back in his bag and settles back in his seat, no longer so sure about who has just been psyched out.

16. EXT. ZANDVOORT HOTEL - NIGHT

They pull up outside a small hotel in the Dutch town of Zandvoort.

VON TRIPS
This is where Tavoni put you?

HILL
You mean you're not staying here?

VON TRIPS
I'm sure it's completely charming, but... no, they've put me somewhere else.
(WINKS)
I don't know why.

17. INT. ZANDVOORT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Hill lies in bed with his eyes stark open, wide awake. A survey of his hotel room shows us that there is a leaking tap in the sink in his bedroom, a fluttering shutter just outside the window, and an extremely noisy and ornate clock which is built into the mantlepiece over the tiny fireplace.

Hill gets out of bed and goes over to the window. As he fiddles with the shutter latch, he hears the scrape of shovel digging. Hill opens the shutters.

18. EXT. ZANDVOORT GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Just below Hill's window there is a small graveyard with a few scattered and weathered tombstones.

In the centre of the graveyard gapes a huge hole, at the bottom of which sits von Trips's Ferrari.

The silver car, top now up, is already buried up to the doorsills, only the tops of its wheels still visible.

Two men in overalls are methodically filling in the hole with shovels.

19. INT. ZANDVOORT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Hill studies the strange tableau below him for a moment, then decides to get dressed, leave his room, and investigate.

20. EXT. ZANDVOORT GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Hill enters the graveyard through a gate at the back of the hotel and approaches the gravediggers. When he gets close to them, the older one spots Hill, smiles, wipes his brow with his sleeve and nudges his partner who also smiles when he sees Hill. Hill is stunned: they are his two Ferrari race mechanics.

Hill is about to speak to his mechanics when Von Trips appears out of nowhere and greets him apologetically.

VON TRIPS
As you can see, I won't be able to give you a lift back to Maranello after the race, Phil. Sorry.

HILL
But why are you BURYING the car? You LOVE the car, and it suits you, it really does.

VON TRIPS
It won't run any more, I can't start it.

20. CONT'D

HILL
But that's silly. It could just be the battery. It could be the points.

VON TRIPS
Ah, but Phil, I admire your technical knowledge so much! I just get in the car and drive it the way the mechanics have set it up.

The old mechanic, still resting on his shovel in the grave, slaps his knee in glee.

OLD MECHANIC
That's why we love you, Count Von Trips. You leave it to us and don't find fault with everything.

The young mechanic pops up from the grave behind him, still shoveling.

YOUNG MECHANIC
(SHAKING HIS HEAD IN ADMIRATION)
A born driver, a classic racer... unafraid, no doubt who he is...

VON TRIPS
I found the owner's manual for the car, Phil, but I'm so intuitive and untechnical... The mechanics gave it to me. See if you can find out what's wrong...

Von Trips hands Hill the owner's manual, a huge well-thumbed book with the Ferrari shield on its hard cover. The mechanics are now both on full alert, curious to see if Hill can come up with something. Hill opens up the owner's manual, but it is in fact, an italian edition of Jean-Paul SARTRE'S existentialist epic BEING AND NOTHINGNESS.

In horror, Hill drops it like a hot potato.

HILL
(HORRIFIED)
This is not something a race driver wants to understand! This book is a VERY DANGEROUS for a RACE DRIVER!

VON TRIPS
(SADLY)
Ah, well, then. We'll just have to go ahead with the digging.

Von Trips gestures to the mechanics to resume digging. They do.

HILL
But Taffy, you don't just bury something magnificent as a Ferrari...

Von Trips turns back to Hill, his eyes fiercely bright.

20. CONT'D

VON TRIPS
That's not true.
We had to bury Dino Ferrari!

21. INT. ZANDVOORT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Hill wakes up, not really surprised to find that he's been dreaming. He looks at the mantelpiece clock. It's 4 am. He double-checks the time on his wristwatch, which he wears in bed.

HILL
Dammit!

22. EXT. ZANDVOORT RACETRACK - DAY

We are in Hill's shark-nose Ferrari during the first practice at Zandvoort. Even from the cockpit of a racecar we can see why the "zand"in Zandvoort means "sand": the track itself has been dug out of rolling sand dunes, making for a rather bleak and featureless course.

The track is long and fast enough for the Ferrari to stretch its powerful legs and Hill revels in his car's superiority. He passes car after car with fluid ease.

23. EXT. ZANDVOORT PITS - DAY

Hill leans thoughtfully against the pit wall, warily watching his mechanics work on his car. The mechanics show no sign of remembering the dream they were just in. Chief Engineer Carlo Chiti wanders over to Hill and puts a fatherly arm around him.

CHITI
You and von Trips have both, set the fastest time of the session. 1 minute. 35.7 seconds. Ginther is third with a 35.9.
(CHUCKLES)
I think we will now go with the wide-angle engine for the rest of the session.

Hill snaps out his reverie.

HILL
I'm sure that to Ferrari these results will just confirm that it's his cars and not his drivers which bring him success.

Hill turns away and walks towards the paddock where the Ferrari Team Racecar Transporter, an immense red truck bearing many versions of the Ferrari logo, is disgorging a fourth, spare car.

23. CONT'D

Chiti looks at Hill in astonishment. It seems that Hill will turn any good news brought to him into a cause for worry. Chiti laughs, then follows Hill.

24. EXT. ZANDVOORT PADDOCK - DAY

Hill and Chiti walk through the paddock, which is where the race teams park their transporters and set up their tents, kitchens, and work areas. Despite the urgency of the mechanics preparing for the next practice session, there is a peculiar, intense festiveness in the air, a joyous, operatic anticipation which won't be released until the race itself.

CHITI
(AMUSED)
Is that going to be the theme of this race, Phil? Is that going to be your main worry at Zandvoort?

HILL
(ANNOYED)
MY WORRIES ARE REAL, not neurotic.

CHITI
Yes, of course. I meant no offence. But there seems to be a grand tragic theme for every race, like a musical theme in an opera. I am only appreciating the arias that you sing to me.

HILL
(CHARMED DESPITE HIMSELF)
OK, OK. My theme for the Dutch Grand is Enzo Ferrari's lack of appreciation for his drivers.
I've said it and now maybe I'll be able to forget it. Carlo, you're not only the team's chief engineer, you're the team's best psychoanalyst.

Chiti's eyes light up. He raises an index finger.

CHITI
Ah!
(A MISCHIEVOUS PAUSE)
I had a dream about the Commendatore last night. It was a fantastic dream.

HILL
You're kidding! You dream about him too?

CHITI
Of course. We all do. We should form a committee to discuss our dreams about Ferrari, help each other to interpret them.

24. CONT'D

HILL
What did you dream?

CHITI
(OPERATIC PAUSE)
If you become the WORLD CHAMPION,
I will tell you THE DREAM.

25. EXT. ZANDVOORT RACETRACK - DAY

The Dutch Grand Prix. We are in and out of Hill's Ferrari in the heart of the race, with von Trip's Ferrari ahead and always just out of reach, and Hill having an incredible dice with the green and yellow Lotus of Jimmy Clark.

The Ferrari and the Lotus are often side-by-side through 120 mile-an-hour corners, switching positions four or five times per lap. It is the duel of the race, with Hill gradually edging away from Clark to follow von Trips past the chequered flag for a Ferrari one-two finish. Ginther finishes fourth after the young Scot Jimmy Clark, who is beginning to show the form that will lead him to two world championships.

The first, second, and third place cars are funneled into a special compound where the drivers, mobbed by the press and the fans, are escorted to the podium for the TROPHY PRESENTATION.

An ecstatic Chiti and team manager Romolo Tavoni soon join the drivers, hugging von Trips and Hill and patting them on the back. Von Trips is beaming and gracious, the watching Clark is mischievous and exhilarated...and Hill is depressed. Chiti, of course, immediately senses Hill's state of mind as the throng carries them all along to the podium.

CHITI
What's the matter, Phil? You drove
A WONDERFUL RACE. Everybody's talking
about your duel with Jim Clark.

HILL
I missed the suspension settings
completely. Trips was able to walk
away from me at will. I don't
know why I thought oversteer was the
answer to this track. Even a novice
could see that mid understeer.
(SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISGUST)
My tires got too hot. I was all arms
and elbows sawing away at the wheel
like a

Hill stops for a beat, but only a beat because the crowd soon launches him forward again.

HILL
Carlo, is that who I think it is up
there?

25. CONT'D

Carlo follows Hill's gaze. Already up on the PODIUM just above them, standing apart with queenlike serenity, is a handsome gray-haired woman in her sixties wearing a heavy ribbed cardigan and a kerchief around her throat. She looks quite out of place amongst the sleek and energetic race organizers who share the platform with her, and yet it is obvious that they defer to her.

CHITI
Yes, you are right. That is LAURA FERRARI, Ferrari's wife.

HILL
(PERPLEXED)
But she HATES RACING.
She's never been anywhere within a hundred miles of a racetrack. She's been a recluse for years.

CHITI
She insisted on coming with Tavoni.
They must have looked at fifty holy sites on the way down from Modena.
Poor Tavoni was almost late for a race for the first time in his life.

Laura Ferrari spots Hill as the group mounts the podium steps. Her eyes light up and she holds out her arms to Hill in anticipation of an embrace.

HILL
What could she be possibly be doing here? This is so strange.

Carlo puts his arm around Hill and whispers conspiratorially in his ear.

CHITI
She told me, Phil, that she has come here especially to talk to you.

A look of anxiety and anguish takes possession of Hill's face as Laura embraces him and the crowd below, with their Ferrari flags outnumbering all others, goes wild with fierce joy. Laura keeps her face very close to Hill's, looks searchingly into his eyes.

HILL
Laura.

LAURA
Phil, I have brought a message for you from Ferrari.

HILL
A message?

LAURA
Yes. He said he could not trust anyone else to transmit this to you.

25. CONT'D

HILL
(COMPLETELY BAFFLED)
What...what is the message?

LAURA
He said, "Tell Laura about the other son, the son who was meant to replace Laura's Dino."

Hill is completely shocked and perplexed. Meanwhile hands are pushing Hill forward towards the waiting trophy committee. Laura now links arms with von Trips, who graciously kisses her on both cheeks. All three of them are thrust forward together as one happy unit.

HILL
(WHISPERING TO LAURA)
I don't know what that means. I don't understand what that means.

LAURA
(INTIMATELY)
It's all right, Phil. You have Ferrari's permission to confide in me. You can tell me that Ferrari has a son by another woman. You can tell me what you know.

Laura now wears an unearthly, even beatific smile on her face. It is a smile which terrifies Hill, but fortunately at that moment a huge victory wreath is lopped over von Trips's neck and the crowd and loudspeaker sounds drown everything else out.

LAURA raises the arms of HILL and VON TRIPS in victory, her smile now embracing the crowd below them.

26. EXT. ZANDVOORT PADDOCK - DAY

From an impromptu office set up in the back of a tiny Fiat van, team manager Tavoni deals out the organizational material that forms the basis of his trade. Tavoni is a tall, bespectacled, storklike man whose trilby hat and suit seem two sizes too small for him.

Hill and Ginther stand outside the van's open side door as Tavoni, sitting inside, pulls papers out of a worn leather file-folder and hands them to Ginther.

TAVONI
(TO GINTHER)
Here are your maps, your schedule, border documents, and expense money in Belgian francs. And here are the rail tickets you wanted, Amsterdam-Bologna, Modena-Spa...

GINTHER
Thanks.

26. CONT'D

HILL
Planning to do some sight-seeing?

GINTHER
Why not? I think we can just about put the Belgian GP in the bank. Spa was designed for Ferraris.

HILL
Yeah, but which Ferrari?

Hill turns to Tavoni.

HILL
What do you think, Tavoni? Isn't it time for Ferrari to account a number one driver so we can concentrate on tactics? Trips and I are going to crash into each other sooner or later if we don't establish team orders.

TAVONI
(DRYLY)
Ferrari LOVES ALL HIS DRIVERS EQUALLY. It would cause him too much ANGUISH to designate a NUMBER ONE.

GINTHER
(LAUGHS)
There's a certified official answer. Why don't you come with me, Phil? I like to do a little hitch-hiking, get to meet the people.

HILL
Hitch-hiking? You mean, get into cars with strange people driving?

GINTHER
(AMUSED)
Well, it's a little risky, I gotta admit.

HILL
Actually, I was thinking I might drive down with Trips again.
(JOKES)
Those Ferraris turn out to be not bad cars.

Tavoni shakes his head.

TAVONI
I talked to von Trips. He said he was going to drive alone.
(WHISPERS CONSPIRATORIALLY)
He told me not to tell you this. He said you make him nervous.

26. CONT'D

HILL
(ALL INNOCENT)
No, me?

TAVONI
Yes. And he also said you were the only old lady Formula One racer in history.

Ginther guffaws. Hill bristles. Tavoni gets defensive.

TAVONI
(SHRUGS)
I didn't understand it, but that's what he said. Anyway, Chiti said he wanted you to drive back to Maranello with us.
(SIGNIFICALLY)
He need to talk to you about your relationship with Laura Ferrari.

Ginther looks questioningly at Hill, but all Hill can give him is an exasperated shrug.

27. EXT. ROAD BETWEEN ZANDVOORT AND MARANELLO - DAY

A dark blue four-door Fiat beetles its way along an unattractive industrial road somewhere between Zandvoort and Maranello.

28. INT. FIAT - DAY

The Fiat bears Tavoni at the whell, Hill in the front passenger seat, and Chiti, who has expanded to fill the entire back seat.

HILL
Why ME?

CHITI
She has been very isolated, very disconnected since Dino died.

TAVONI
And then, of course, she eventually heard the rumors about a SECRET SON that FERRARI has supposedly had. But she had no-one to talk to her about it.

CHITI
And she saw you have a very special empathy for old ladies.

HILL
(ANNOYED)
I do not!

TAVONI
It's true, you do.
We've all noticed it.

28. CONT'D

HILL
Being a member of this race team is like being a member of a senior citizen's bridge club. The gossip is deadly!

Tavoni and Chiti chuckle.

CHITI
And so she expects you to become her confidante, her link to the outside. She has decided that you are the one to tell the truth.

HILL
I don't know THE TRUTH.

CHITI
The truth doesn't matter. It's the politics of the situation that matter.
(SHRUGS)
That is the Ferrari way.

TAVONI
And the politics of this situation are very delicate. Very delicate.

HILL
(PETULANT)
I came to Ferrari to RACE, not to play POLITICS.

TAVONI/CHITI
(IN UNISON)
At Ferrari, it's the same thing.

Chiti and Tavoni look at each other, then burst into laughter. Hill is not amused.

HILL
What do I do if the poor woman manages to trap me somewhere and I have to come up with an answer?

TAVONI
They say she is very unstable...

CHITI
I am sure that you will find a way to handle Signora Ferrari graciously and, who knows... perhaps it can be used to benefit of all of us.

HILL
Used? Used in what way?

28. CONT'D

Hill catches Tavoni raising his eyebrows at Chiti in disapproval: Chiti has said too much. It's obvious that more Ferrari internal politics are brewing.

HILL
Forget I asked.
I don't want to know.

29. EXT. 11 LARGO GARIBALDI. MODENA - NIGHT

Hill finds himself standing outside the immense Ferrari family house in Modena. Laura Ferrari opens the door.

LAURA
Phil! I'm so glad you agreed to come.

Laura excitedly ushers Hill into the house.

30. INT. LIVING ROOM. 11 LARGO GARIBALDI - NIGHT

In her comfortable, old-fashioned living-room, Laura pours espresso for an edgy, uncomfortable Hill. He doesn't want the espresso, but he doesn't want to offend Laura.

LAURA
(SUNNILY)
Well, I'm ready for the truth, no matter how much it hurts. What is the name of the other boy, the one Ferrari wants to replace my Dino with?

Hill toys with his espresso.

HILL
(WARY)
A child who is dead can never be replaced.

LAURA
A child who is dead?
What child is that?

HILL
(UNCERTAINLY)
Your child. Dino Ferrari.

Laura doesn't react. An awkward pause. Then, Laura laughs. A gentle, forgiving laugh.

LAURA
My DINO'S NOT DEAD.
He's just upstairs in his room.
In fact, he wants to talk to you, Phil. He admires you. Of course, he's not well - but certainly he's not dying. It could be the BATTERY.
It could be the points.

30. CONT'D

Now Laura looks around warily, apparently trying to sense whether they are alone or not. Without warning she gets up and kneels at Hill's feet. Hill is acutely embarrassed but can't really do anything about it.

LAURA
(WHISPERS)
Tell me about the other son.
I know that Ferrari has another son by another woman. Tell me what you know!

She clutches him in a desperate, awkward way.

HILL
I'm sure there is no other son.
I haven't heard a thing.

At that moment Enzo Ferrari appears at the doorway. Laura hastily withdraws from Hill. Ferrari pretends not to notice; his manner remains cordial.

FERRARI
Ah, Phil. Dino is waiting for you.
Upstairs.

Ferrari gestures in the direction of the hall stairway. Hill sets down his untouched espresso and reluctantly heads for the stairway. Laura gets up as though to accompany him but Ferrari raises his hand to stop her.

FERRARI
(TO LAURA)
They need to talk alone. Two men talking about racecars. You understand? In strength and confidence.

Hill looks to Laura for some guidance but she avoids his eyes.

Hill makes his way up the stairs towards Dino's room.

31. INT. 11 LARGO GARIBALDI. DINO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hill enters Dino's bedroom. It's a small but pleasant and cozy room crowded with many artifacts of a younger Dino's life - model World War I airplanes, photos and models of pre-war racing cars.

But it is a very sickly 24-year-old Dino whom Hill finds sitting in bed next to a V-6 Ferrari racing engine complete with ancillaries (three-twin choke Weber carburetors, twin Magneto Marelli distributors, water pump, etc.) Dino's arm is around the engine which must somehow have been running because Hill can smell the hot oil and hear the aluminum ticking and cracking as it cools down.

Dino looks up at Phil and smiles a sweet, wan smile.

31. CONT'D

DINO
Hi, Phil.

HILL
Hi, kid. How are you?

DINO
This is the new version of my engine, Phil. Its V angle is 120 degrees...
(CREATES A WIDE V WITH HIS HANDS)
...instead of the old one at 65 degrees. It should cool better, have a lower centre of gravity, and there is more room in the V for the carburetors. See? My father's going to name the motor after me when I die. See? We've already designed the cam covers. That's my signature.

Dino points to the word Dino cast in cursive script into the handsome cam covers of the motor. Hill looks. He pretends to be impressed, but what really strikes him is how said this all is.

A frown crosses Dino's face.

DINO
But I'm not sure that it's the right motor for you at Spa.

Hill notices oil seeping from the engine sump into the bedclothes. A sticky, oily mess.

HILL
Is that because of the oil leaks? Is that a problem with this particular motor?

DINO
(CHECKING THE ENGINES)
Oil leaks? No. There are no...

Dino screams. Hill pulls the sheet back. It's not oil that is soaking into the sheet and mattress, but blood.

32. INT. 11 LARGO GARIBALDI. DINO'S ROOM - DAY

Hill wakes up in bed. Early morning sunlight streams in through the window. Hill takes a deep breath, expertly massages his temples.

HILL
God! These dreams are exhausting me!

He rolls over a little and bumps into something hard. He feels for it. It is a breast-shaped, orange and made of metal.

32. CONT'D

He cautiously turns over and finds himself caressing the screw-on oil filter of a small V-8 motor which is in bed with him.

He examines it curiously, not all that surprised really to find it there. Tidy, potent, two more cylinders than the Dino, obviously a Formula One motor, and - the cam covers say Coventry Climax.

HILL
Migod! Is this the new COVENTRY CLIMAX motor we've been hearing so much about? I know Ferrari's worried about it. All the English cars are going to be using it.

He runs his hands over its finned aluminum alloy cylinder heads and finds the Coventry Medallion cast i brass, which depicts Lady Godiva riding her horse through the streets of Coventry. Beneath the medallion it says, *Made in England*.

HILL
YES. A V-8. MADE IN ENGLAND. This is it. It looks right. I thought it wasn't going to be ready until the last race of the season.

A sudden thought makes Hill pull back anxiously. For the first time he realizes he is not in some Belgian hotel room but is in Dino Ferrari's room, in Dino Ferrari's bed.

HILL
But what's it doing here? What would Ferrari think if he found it here?

The door bangs open and Ferrari, Laura, and Dino, still sick in bedclothes, burst in. Hill jumps out of bed like a guilty lover, pulling the sheet with him to cover himself.

FERRARI
(FURIOUS)
Aha! So the rumors are true! You are going to leave me for an English team. You have never been loyal to me, always been waiting to betray me. How much are they paying you to betray Ferrari? You know that a Ferrari is above all things, a motor, a motor with four wheels attached. And here I find you in bed with an ENGLISH MOTOR!
(ANGUISHED)
The pain of BETRAYAL is too much!

Dino sags into a corner and sobs while Laura unleashes a venomous stream of Italian invective against Hill. They then start yelling at each other. Hill wraps the sheet around him and sneaks out into the hallway.

33. INT. 11 LARGO GARIBALDI. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway is full of paparazzi and photographers. The flashbulbs go off. Hill makes for the stairwell.

34. INT. 11 LARGO GARIBALDI. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The stairwell is clear. Hill starts down it. But at the bottom of it are von Trips and his gorgeous Teutonic girlfriend, Butzi, short, straight blonde hair, black motorcycle leathers. Von Trips is smoking a cigarette and leaning against the wall, Butzi clinging to him. They are both giggling, and as Hill nods and works his way past them, trying to be nonchalant, sheet still wrapped around him, they burst out laughing.

VON TRIPS
I see my little joke worked. It wasn't easy getting that engine into your bed. It was Colin Chapman of Lotus who sent it to me. He would like to see you without a drive this year. As for me, I think this is a good psyche-out against you, *nicht war*?

Butzi laughs and starts to speak German to Hill. Then von Trips seems to forget that Hill exists and starts to speak German back. Hill walks out the front door into the bright sunshine.

Hill squints but keeps walking. The screen washes out in the brightness.

35. EXT. PADDOCK. SPA RACETRACK. BELGIUM - DAY

Hill keeps walking, but as the screen brightness comes to normal levels, we see that he is no longer in a dream but is walking towards the Ferrari transporter which is unloading its racecars in the paddock at Spa.

Chiti is supervising the action as Hill joins him.

HILL
Do any of the Brits have the new Climax V-8 here today?

CHITI
Ciao, Phil. No, no, I don't think so. Our spies have told us they've had some troubles in the shop - cooling problems. I don't think before Monza, or perhaps Nurburgring at the earliest. Why do you ask?

Hill is visibly relieved.

HILL
(SHRUGS)
Another DREAM.

Chiti nods, but sideways he is sizing Hill up. Is he cracking?

35. CONT'D

CHITI
And the theme for the Belgian Prix is...?

HILL
The theme now appears to be that nobody, not even Ferrari can beat Phil Hill at Spa.

36. INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE. MARANELLO - DAY

On a small back-and-white TV set in Ferrari's Maranello office, three Ferraris thread their way through the dense Ardennes forest, leading the race at Spa: Hill first, then von Trips, then Ginther. The voice of the Italian race commentator is tinny and shrill coming through the cheap TV speakers, but there is no mistaking his tone of excitement and satisfaction.

Ferrari sits there alone and still the photo of Dino Ferrari on the wall smiling benignly down on him, his sunglasses on even in this dimly lit room, watching the tiny racecars on the screen of the TV set on his desk. Finally, Ferrari reaches out and turns the volume down low until the triumphant drone of the race's commentator is almost lost in the palpable silence of the room.

Ferrari settles back in his chair. A tear appears below his dark glasses and runs down alongside his nose. He wipes the tear away with a finger and then clasps his hands comfortably over his belly as the race progresses.

37. EXT. SPA RACETRACK - DAY

We are in and out of Hill's cockpit as he leads the Belgian Grand Prix. The track is long, lushly tree-lined and fast, featuring 150-mile-an-hour corners and breathtaking elevation changes.

Hill is lapping a much slower car when a stone is thrown up into his face with the impact of a bullet. The stone hits Hill in the eye shattering the lens of his goggle. The stone is trapped in the goggle and Hill has to probe around with a gloved finger to clear the glass and the stone away.

A tear of blood seeps down his cheek below the lining of the goggle and is immediately streaked back towards Hill's ear by the airstream flowing through the cockpit.

Hill's car slows for a beat or two but his lead over von Trips is so commanding that the incident is invisible to the 70,000 spectators lining the racetrack. Hill is basically blind in one eye for the rest of the race but he never relinquishes the lead.

38. INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE. MARANELLO - DAY

On Ferrari's TV set the race is winding down, its conclusion all but certain now. Ferrari does not wait for the end of the race. He turns the set off and leaves the office.

39. EXT. VICTORY PODIUM. SPA - DAY

On the victory podium, Laura Ferrari once again stands beaming between her two drivers as the adoring crowd surges below them. This time, however, it is Hill, not von Trips, who wears the laurel wreath, as well as a bruise, a cut beneath one eye.

Laura holds onto the arms of Hill and von Trips, swaying happily as though to music unheard by anyone else. Her presence has totally compromised Hill's joy at winning, and his awareness of this just serves to annoy him further.

Laura catches his eye. She gives him a special, secret smile which further depresses him.

40. EXT. CAVALLINO RESTAURANT. MARANELLO - DAY

Hill sits outside at a table at the famous CAVALLINO Restaurant. Right across the via Abetone Inferiore he can see the even more famous gates and entranceway of the *Ferrari* factory itself, a stark, industrial red-brick structure bearing the word Ferrari above an odd square archway cut through the front building.

Through the archway Hill can glimpse the yellow walls of the race shop and the inner courtyard.

On the table in front of Hill sits a glass of milk which he occasionally sips as he reads an Italian sports newspaper.

The huge red headline says, HILL OR VON TRIPS: ONE WILL BE CHAMPION!

A Fiat pulls up to the curb near Hill and its driver honks. Hill looks up. Laura Ferrari jumps out of the rear seat and starts to help an older woman dressed in black out of the front passenger seat.

Laura calls out to Phil.

LAURA
Phil! How wonderful to find you here!

Laura helps the old woman walk over to Hill and they sit down at his table. Hill politely stands and helps them get settled.

LAURA
This is Ferrari's mother, Adalgisa. I brought here today from the house in Modena.
(QUIET HYSTERICAL LAUGH)
We have to air her our every once in a while or she will rot with fungus like an old carpet.

40. CONT'D

Hill takes the old woman's hand and she smiles shyly at him. Hill sits down. Laura looks at the paper Hill has been reading.

LAURA
(IN ITALIAN)
Adalgisa - this is the American racer Phil Hill. He is going to be the World Champion this year.

At that moment the unfettered snarl of a racing engine causes them all to look up. A man in his seventies wearing a snap-brim hat, glasses and blue mechanic's overalls is driving a shark-nosed Grand Prix Ferrari out through the factory gates and onto the public road.

Adalgisa calls out and waves excitedly at the man, who smiles and waves back.

ADALGISA
Luigi Bazzi! Che pazzo!

The man, Bazzi, Ferrari's chief engine tuner for thirty years, turns right down the Abetone Road and blasts off into the distance. Hill turns to Laura.

HILL
I wish I were as certain as you are that I'm going to be WORLD CHAMPION this year.

LAURA
But you are. Ferrari has said so.

HILL
Not to me, he hasn't.

LAURA
He has asked me to tell you that it is you who are to win the German race, not Count von Trips.

HILL
Does Trips know that?

LAURA
He will be told.

HILL
By you or by Tavoni?

Laura's expression hardens. Hill realizes he is on the verge of offending her and tries to salvage the moment.

HILL
(HASTILY)
I say this only because Tavoni is the team manager, so naturally it's his job to...

40. CONT'D

LAURA
(DEADLY)
Tavoni is a traitor, not to be trusted. If Ferrari is CAESAR, then Tavoni is BRUTUS.

HILL
(TREADING CAUTIOUSLY)
Tavoni is...a very gold team manager.

LAURA
Do not believe anything that Tavoni tells you. He no longer has Ferrari's trust. That's why Ferrari has begun to send me to the races.

At that moment Ferrari himself appears across the road, looking anxiously in the direction of his racecar. After a moment he crosses the road and approaches their table.

ADALGISA
(REFERRING TO FERRARI)
Here comes my little boy.
(SHAKES HER HEAD)
He never brushes his hair, no matter how many times you tell him.

FERRARI
Ah, Mama, Laura, Phil...

Ferrari tenderly kisses his mother, who rises to meet him, then turns to Hill.

FERRARI
We are going inside the restaurant for lunch, Phil. Please join us if you have the time.

Ferrari takes his mother away into the restaurant, Laura watches them go, then turns back to Hill.

LAURA
(MATTER-OF-FACTLY)
I believe Adalgisa will betray me after I die.

HILL
(REELING BUT GAME)
I'm sure, uh...I'm sure you will outlive her.

LAURA
No, no, she is of the old stock. She will live longer.

HILL
How will she BETRAY you?

40. CONT'D

LAURA
She will convince Ferrari to legitimize the other son, the secret bastard son, to adopt him to make him a real Ferrari.

She says all this lightly, with a smile, which makes it all the more terrible and painful.

LAURA
And then Laura and her beautiful son Dino will be forgotten, annihilated.

She kisses Hill's hand.

LAURA
Except for you, Phil. You knew us both. You will never forget us, will you?

And she leaves a speechless Hill sitting alone with his glass of milk.

41. EXT. BURG HEMMERSBACH. GERMANY - DAY

A Volkswagen Beetle grinds its way up a beautiful tree-lined driveway and stops at the front gates of Burg Hemmersbach. Burg Hammersbach is a serious brick-and-stone castle complete with reed-clogged moat, turrets, enormous outbuildings and a pedigree that dates back in the 1100s. It is not a place that you would expect to find a modern family living, but it is, in fact, the home of the von Trips family.

Hill and Ginther get out of the Beetle and stand in awe in front of the castle.

GINTHER
I heard that von Trips was born and raised in a castle but I never expected, you know, a castle.

HILL
THIS IS THE SOURCE OF HIS STRENGTH, Richie. This is the source of his poise, his grace, his confidence. This is not something you can get in America.

GINTHER
No... but in America you can get central heating.

42. EXT. INNER COURTYARD. BURG HEMMERSBACH - DAY

In a heavily shadowed, flagstoned inner courtyard, a group of guests sit on heavy upholstered wooden chairs neatly lined up in rows. They are watching a 16mm black and white film which is being projected onto a very professional-looking fold-up screen which stands at one end of the courtyard.

42. CONT'D

Von Trips is showing them footage he has shot around the world, a lot of it trackside after he has crashed or stopped on the circuit. Currently they are watching a shot taken from inside a voluptuous silver Porsche RSK sports-racer. Through the car's windscreen we see other sportscar plummeting down a wild Sicilian road lined with spectators, the braver of whom slap the tails of the racecars as they go by.

On a chair next to the screen sits a small phonograph, whose small speaker attempts to pump some Schubert out into the courtyard to provide the semblance of a soundtrack for the silent film.

Von Trips sits off to one side in the front row, half-turned towards his audience as he narrates the film. His girlfriend Butzi sits next to him, holding his hand and whispering to him.

VON TRIPS
This is the Targa Florio in Sicily two years ago. I was driving for the Porsche that year - just to prove a point to Herr Ferrari. My left rear tire blew and I came to rest up against a stone marking the place where a local racer had crashed the year before. As you can see, I had a good view of the road I'd just been driving on only a few minutes before.

Ginther is very amused.

GINTHER
So this is the secret of the infamous Count von Crash.

VON TRIPS
Secret?

GINTHER
Your only crash your cars so that you have a unique spot to shoot a race from.

VON TRIPS
Well, as a matter of fact it is some consolation, yes. But I haven't yet figured out how to put the camera into the new Formula One car. They're getting smaller and smaller.

Tiny Ginther laughs.

GINTHER
Smaller? I hadn't noticed. But maybe that's a good thing, Taffy.
Maybe that's why you've had more finishes this season.

42. CONT'D

VON TRIPS
By the way, Richie, where is Phil? I thought he wanted to see this.

GINTHER
He's with your mother, I think. Phil's very good with mothers.

43. EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS. BURG HEMMERSBACH - DAY

Hill and von Trips's mother, Frau von Trips, stroll together through a beautifully landscaped garden which features wildflowers and fruit trees. Frau von Trips is a handsome woman in her sixties who carries her elegance with an ease which Hill finds in equal parts dazzling and intimidating.

FRAU VON TRIPS
Wolfgang has orchestrated the entire planting that you see here, the landscaping.

HILL
Really? I had no idea he was interested in anything but racing cars.

Frau von Trips laughs.

FRAU VON TRIPS
It is an interested forced upon him. Here is Germany you cannot own land unless you have a degree in agriculture. We would lose everything if Wolfgang had not gotten his degree in land management.

HILL
Perhaps, you could convince him to give up racing right now, today and come back to the land.

FRAU VON TRIPS
How strange!
Why do you say that?

HILL
Because he's leading me in the drivers' championship and it would make things a lot easier if he stopped winning races.

Frau von Trips laughs again, only this laugh has a meditative laugh.

FRAU VON TRIPS
I have tried many times.
Unfortunately, he has never wanted to be anything else but A RACE CHAMPION.
Is that not true of you also?

43. CONT'D

HILL
I would've preferred to be a classical musician. Unfortunately, I play LIKE A MACHINE.
I have musicality in my head but it doesn't translate through to my body.

FRAU VON TRIPS
So now you are a prima donna in the great opera of LA FERRARI. You play the powerful instrument of the V-6 Dino engine with four overhead camshafts.

HILL
That's marvelous!
I'm truly impressed.

FRAU VON TRIPS
Now, you will keep your promise to accompany me to the Salzburg Music Festival?
It would just be after the race in Italy.
Wolfgang will take me if I insist, but he does not really enjoy it.

HILL
I would not miss that opportunity for all the racing in the world.

Ginther comes running up to them.

GINTHER
Excuse me. I don't mean to interrupt but...
Phil, you've gotta see what just showed up at the front door. You're not going to believe it.

44. EXT. INNER COURTYARD. BURG HEMMERSBACH - DAY

Ginther, Hill, and Frau von Trips walk into the courtyard just as a beautiful old front-engined Ferrari Grand Prix car bearing the number 2 is horsed into the inner courtyard. Its glorious exhaust note racketing off the courtyard walls forces all the guests to cover their ears, all except the three Grand Prix drivers, that is, who barely notice.

The motor whumps to a halt and out of the Ferrari jumps a bristly, sprightly old man in his seventies wearing a traditional Austrian Alpine costume - *Lederhosen*, alpine cap, the works.

FRAU VON TRIPS
This is our neighbor, Herr Doktor Bruno Kreidler.

Kreidler enthusiastically shakes hands all around.

44. CONT'D

KREIDLER
Hello, hello, Frau von Trips. Wolfgang. Mr. Richie Ginther. And you are Philip Toll Hall, Jr., if I'm not mistaken.

Hill can't help smiling at Kreidler's abundant energy.

HILL
Yiu're not mistaken. Hello.

Kreidler gestures towards the Ferrari.

KRIEDLER
Well, this is such a pleasure for me. I'm sure you gentlemen will all recognize this beast. Chassis No. 0002, engine No. 24608.

Kriedler laughs heartily at his own joke. Von Trips studies the car intently.

VON TRIPS
God, it looks completely OBSOLETE and it's only three years old.

GINTHER
It almost looks pre-war, doesn't it?

KRIEDLER
Oh yes, that's right.
(TO HILL)
It was the death of Peter Collins that gave you your spot on the Ferrari team, wasn't it? And that happened at the German Grand Prix of '58 - just about this time of year.

HILL
It's bizarre when YOUR OWN PAST has become ANCIENT HISTORY.

Everyone goes silent for a moment. Frau von Trips decides to end the silence.

FRAU VON TRIPS
How did you manage to acquire this jewel, Herr Kreidler? There can't be too many Grand Prix cars in private hands.

KRIEDLER
Oh, I think the old ogre Ferrari will sell anything if you offer him enough money. And you need a few connections, too.

44. CONT'D

KRIEDLER
Anyway, Ferrari doesn't seem to have much of a sense of his own history - he refers everything to the immediate future. So we monitoring enthusiast antiquarians will have to create his museum for him.

Hill is now on his hands and knees examining the car's front suspension.

HILL
I hope you haven't tried driving this thing too fast.
You might have trouble stopping.

KRIEDLER
Why is that?

HILL
Somebody's got the brake backing-plate on backwards. Hard braking could pull you right off the road.

KRIEDLER
Well, now, fortunately I'm like a historian who has three living Etruscans to tell him all about the way Etruscans used to live.

Kreidler gets on his hands and knees and joins Hill.

KRIEDLER
For instance, I am sure one of you can tell me in its final form, did this chassis member cross here near the suspension pickup, or was that a modification used only on the customer cars...

45. EXT. INNER COURTYARD. BURG HEMMERSBACH - LATER

One hour later all the guests have gone home and the three racers and Kreidler have the old car apart on the flagstones and are crawling all over under it.

A servant brings an elaborate tea tray and Frau von Trips helps to serve it.

When she gives von Trips his cup and saucer, he detaches himself from the others and embraces her warmly.

VON TRIPS
Danke, Mutter.

FRAU VON TRIPS
Wolfchen.

45. CONT'D

Frau von Trips turns back to the dismantled racecar, its easily detachable bodywork now strewn all over the courtyard and interspersed with tools from an ancient hardwood toolbox. Kriedler looks up at her, oil smears on one cheek.

KRIEDLER
I hope, Frau von Trips, that this is not an inconvenience.

FRAU VON TRIPS
(WITH A LIGHT LAUGH)
Believe it or not, I am very used to it. This is exactly what Wolfgang and his friends used to do when he was eight years old.

46. INT. BURG HEMMERSBACH. DINING HALL - NIGHT

An intimate supper in the great hall with all the trimmings. Just the three men and Frau von Trips, and a very large serving staff.

FRAU VON TRIPS
This is quite an honor. I have the attention of the entire Ferrari Grand Prix team. Or do I?

She kisses her son's hand. It is obvious that she adores him. We have seen pictures of the child von Trips everywhere, hallways, stairwells, mantelpieces, as though his image were some sort of religious icon.

Ginther beams at this affection between mother and son, but Hill has to look away in the face of such quietly intense emotion.

VON TRIPS
I was actually thinking Peter Collins's car. I can't really understand why anyone would bother to restore an old racecar. Update it, perhaps, to make it competitive, or break it up for some of the parts...

GINTHER
It's just a toy for a rich man.

HILL
I don't agree. I restored my Aunt Helen's Packard after she died, and I felt that I was connecting with a part of her past and my own. And also with the minds that made that Packard - it was kind of craftsmanship you don't find anymore, and I don't think it should be forgotten. After all, Taffy, why are you recording all those OLD RACECARS with your CAMERA?

GINTHER
And those old people!

46. CONT'D

VON TRIPS
Old?

GINTHER
Well, sure. When you finally get around to looking at the stuff, it's all obsolete. The people and the cars.

VON TRIPS
Well, in a sense. But it's just a private, personal record of events, that's all.

HILL
A car restoration could amount to the same thing. A capturing of the past in the metal, like a sculpture. I'd like to keep one of the cars we're racing now. I'm sure in thirty years it would mean something to me to able to sit in it, to drive it even. What a different perspective I'll have then. I can't begin to imagine it.

FRAU VON TRIPS
But you have begun to imagine it. Don't you think that's a good quality for a race driver to have? Imagination?

GINTHER
It's good for anticipating mechanical problems.

VON TRIPS
It's good for keeping your spirits up when you've had one disastrous race.

HILL
It's bad. It's very bad.

FRAU VON TRIPS
Why bad?

HILL
Because the instant you can imagine yourself living some other kind of life, you're lost.

FRAU VON TRIPS
And can you? Any of you?

She looks hopefully at her son.

HILL/VON TRIPS/GINTHER
(IN UNISON)
No.

They all laugh.

47. EXT. NURBURGRING RACETRACK - DAY

Nurburgring is a 14-mile, 174-curve-roller-coaster tide through the dense Eifel forest. The size of the course and the magnitude of its elevation changes guarantee that the weather will not be the same at every corner.

In the middle of the race Hill leads von Trips by only a second, and when von Trips snaps past Hill the huge crowd of 300,000 goes wild, German flags flying everywhere. Von Trips's lead does not last, however, and after a wheel-to-wheel battle lasting several laps, Hill leads Trips on the final lap coming out of the Karussel corner.

On the back straight they are side by side, and then von Trips tucks in behind Hill to be towed along in his slipstream. Suddenly, as the two cars top the crest of the hill at the Antinius Bridge, they run into a shocking, solid wall of rain. Both cars immediately go sideways, slipping and sliding and fishtailing all over the road, somehow managing not to hit each other.

Von Trips gathers his car up a fraction of a second before Hill gains control of his, and receives the chequered flag at the finish line a heartbeat ahead of Hill. The crowd rises as one and howls with joy.

Hill HAMMERS HIS STEERING WHEEL in anger at himself.

48. EXT. CAVALLINO RESTAURANT. MARANELLO - DAY

We are close on the words Being and Nothingness. Hill sits at the Cavallino Restaurant's front cafe across the road from the Ferrari factory, sipping milk and reading Sarte's book.

Hill hears laughter behind him in the restaurant and then Laura Ferrari appears with the cook.

Laura spots Hill waves to him. The cook kisses her hand goes back into the restaurant.

Laura walks over to Hill, who stands and pulls out a chair for her.

LAURA
Grazie, Phil.

HILL
Prego.

Laura sits down and then leans over close to Phil.

LAURA
(WHISPERS)
He will be at Monza, at the
Monza Race.

HILL
Ferrari? Are you sure?
I've never seen him at a race before.
Only at the practice at Monza.

48. CONT'D

LAURA
No, not Ferrari. The boy.
The phantom son.

Hill does not know what to say. He wants to look away, so intense is Laura's demeanor, but he is afraid that that would be misinterpreted, so he does not look away.

LAURA
They say his name is Piero, Piero Lardi. But of course, when I die, his name will become Piero Ferrari.

HILL
(VERY TENATIVE)
And you say... you say he'll be at Monza, at the race?

LAURA
It will be the first time he will appear in public. It means that my enemies are getting bolder. It pleases them to humiliate me. Next thing you know, his mother will appear at races with him. And then after that, perhaps Laura Ferrari WILL DISAPPEAR along with her Dino.

HILL
(SKATING ON THIN ICE)
How, uh... How old is the boy?

LAURA
Fifteen or sixteen.
His mother is Lina Lardi.
(LAUGHS)
She was a factory worker for Ferrari during the war.
They live in Castelvetro - you know it?

HILL
It's not far from here.

LAURA
Everyone denies their existence.
Everyond says that Lina and Piero do not exist.

She flips Hill's book over so that the cover is face up: *Being and Nothingness*. She underlines the words with her fingers and smiles sweetly.

LAURA
You see? This is a book about me, my life.

48. CONT'D

She gets up to leave. Hill stands with her.

LAURA
Phil... I am campaigning for you with Ferrari. He loves his German count, but you will be the World Champion. And all I ask in return is you tell me that Piero Lardi exists, that he is Ferrari's son, and that therefore I am not insane to think these thoughts.

Laura kisses Hill on both cheeks.

LAURA
I will see you on the victory podium at Monza.

Laura leaves Hill and walks across the road towards the factory. She immediately collects around her a cluster of blue-coated young workers on their way back from a break and they walk and joke with her as they walk.

Hill sits back down and catches the waiter's eye. He points at his empty glass of milk. His stomach is killing him.

HILL
Ancora, per favore.

49. EXT. MONZA RACETRACK - DAY

The Monza racetrack carves through a former royal forest preserve, but its most unique feature is its dangerous, rough, steeply banked section on which the cars go flat out at speeds approaching 200 miles per hour.

We are with Hill now on the Monza banking, practicing for the penultimate Grand Prix of the season, the Italian.

The Ferraris of von Trips and Ginther are just ahead of him and are gradually, inexorably pulling away from him. We see that Hill's foot is absolutely to the floor but his car can't keep up with its sisters.

50. EXT. FERRARI PITS. MONZA - DAY

Hill pulls into the pits, jumps out of the car and starts screaming at the mecahnics. Tavoni is there. He watches in horror but doesn't interfere.

HILL
(SCREAMING)
I told you TO CHANGE THE ENGINE!
And you didn't, did you. You know how I can tell?
(MORE)

50. CONT'D

HILL (CONT'D)
Because this engine is going to break any minute now, this engine's valve springs have been overstressed because of the gearing change we made and they won't last the race, and that's why I can't keep up with von Trips and Ginther.

At this moment Enzo Ferrari himself looms up from behind the pit wall. He wears a hat but his jacket is off revealing thick suspenders and rolled-up sleeves. Hill still does not see him.

FERRARI
(ANGRILY, TO HILL)
Are you certain that the problem is the VALVE SPRINGS?

Hill turns to face Ferrari. Despite his own very real anger and his certainty that he is right, he is immediately intimidated by this equally angry father-figure.

FERRARI
Are you certain that the problem is not really with YOUR RIGHT FOOT?

Ferrari makes an exaggerated foot-pushing-on-the-gas gesture which is also a bit like a man stepping on a disgusting bug.

The mechanics laugh barely muffled laughs. They agree with Ferrari: Hill has just not been driving as fast as the others. Ferrari turns to them.

FERRARI
Well? Has the engine been changed?

OLD MECHANIC
It has not, Commendatore. The engines are all the same.

HILL
Yeah? Well, then the engines will all break before the race is over. I want an engine that will last.

YOUNG MECHANIC
(IN ITALIAN)
He is an existentialist, Commendatore. He trusts no-one.

FERRARI
(IN ITALIAN)
Yes? Well, he is an Italian-speaking existentialist, so watch what you say.

50. CONT'D

THE MECHANICS turn to Hill, uncertain whether Ferrari is serious or not. They see no betrayal of understanding by Hill, and yet...

FERRARI
(IN ITALIAN)
It is important for a driver to have a confidence in machine, even if perhaps he is wrong to have doubts in the first place. Change the engine for the race and carefully examine this one. I want a detailed report.

Ferrari turns to Hill and speaks in English.

FERRARI
If you have not understood me, then ask your mechanics for a translation.

Ferrari turns on his heel and strides away down the pit lane. Hill looks at the mechanics, then speaks to them in English.

HILL
I know this means you're going to have to work all night, but I think you'll discover that it's necessary.

The mechanics shrug and nod to Hill, not totally unpleasantly. Hill leaves.

OLD MECHANIC
What do you think about the engine?

YOUNG MECHANIC
The VALVE SPRINGS could have been stressed by the new gearing. It's possible.

OLD MECHANIC
Should we change VON TRIPS'S ENGINE too?

YOUNG MECHANIC
He went fast today and then told me not to change anything. He's very confident, as usal. I'm sure it's OK.

OLD MECHANIC
You think Hill speaks Italian? You think he understands the Modenese dialect?

YOUNG MECHANIC
I think it's impossible to be an existentialist in the Italian language.

OLD MECHANIC
You are definitely wrong. I know of one important example of an Italian existentialist.

50. CONT'D

YOUNG MECHANIC
Who?

OLD MECHANIC
Ferrari.

51. EXT. MONZA RACETRACK. PADDOCK - DAY

Hill is changing out of his driving suit in the back seat of his rented Fiat. Chiti comes up and sits in the passenger seat.

CHITI
Tavoni asked me to talk to you, Phil.

HILL
About what?

CHITI
The BAD FEELINGS between you and YOUR MECHANICS.

HILL
What bad feelings?

CHITI
They think you have been spying on them the whole season. You speak good Italian and you never let them know it.

HILL
Everyone on the Ferrari team is a SPY for somebody else. You know that better than I do. The old man like it that way.

CHITI
Yes? And who are you spying for?

Hill studies Chiti for a beat. Has Laura told him that she has tried to recruit Hill as her own personal informant?

HILL
Myself. I'm the only one who trusts me enough.

CHITI
(LAUGHS)
And you don't trust your mechanics.

51. CONT'D

HILL
They're wonderful craftsmen when they feel like it. Good men.
But they've been infected by the politics like everyone else. So when I complain about something, they assume it has a political meaning, that I'm maneuvering or trying to assign blame when in fact there's just something mechanical that's wrong and I want it fixed. I'm a straightforward person.

CHITI
You are *not* a straightforward person, which is why you learned to speak that strange, suspicious Modenese dialect so well, so quickly.
(PAUSE)
The race tomorrow could decide everything. It is the Italian race, Phil, after all. You must MAKE PEACE with your Italian mechanics. TONIGHT.

Hill considers this. He smiles a mischievous smile which makes Chiti uneasy.

52. EXT. MONZA PADDOCK. FERRARI GARAGE - NIGHT

Hill pulls up in the rented Fiat. He gets out carrying his small canvas bag and opens the garage door.

53. INT. MONZA PADDOCK. FERRARI GARAGE - NIGHT

Hill enters the garage, which is an undistinguished concrete block structure. The mechanics are lowering the new engine into Hill's racecar with block-andtackle. The car's bodywork is strewn everywhere like pieces of a lobster's carapace. The team's three other racecars are carefully lined up along the far wall.

HILL
Good evening.

MECHANICS
Good evening, Signor Phil.

Hill is neatly dressed in a cardigan and slacks. He sits down on a bench a bit distant from the car, as though to indicate that this is a social call and not a working session for him.

HILL
Trips has not come in tonight?

YOUNG MECHANIC
Von Trips never comes in at night. He eats lunch with us during the day, then goes to a party at night.

53. CONT'D

HILL
Yes, well, the parties. I guess that's why he doesn't get much time to read.

Hill takes a large bookout of his canvas bag, *BEING AND NOTHINGNESS* - and holds it up.

HILL
Do you know this book?

OLD MECHANIC
I have heard of it.

YOUNG MECHANIC
He has told me about it.

HILL
But perhaps you don't know this book?

Hill now takes out a very slim, much less intimidating book - EXISTENTIALISM IS A HUMANISM also by Jean-Paul Sarte.

The mechanics look at the little blue hard-cover book, then at each other, then at Hill. They shake their heads.

HILL
This book was originally a lecture delivered in Paris in 1945 by Jean-Paul Sarte to clarify some aspects of his philosophy of existentialism. I think you might agree that there has been some bad publicity - misunderstandings, really - about the existentialist movement.

The mechanics do not react. Undaunted, Hill carries on.

HILL
(PAUSE)
Do you mind if I read some of it to you while you change the engine? You'll have to excuse my accent, of course, but... it might make the evening go faster for you.

A look of panic clouds the face of the young mechanic.

YOUNG MECHANIC
(PANICKY)
I must tell you, Signor Hill, that I am a devout Catholic.

HILL
Well, there you are, you see? Another misunderstanding. Because It is in fact possible to be a devout Catholic and an existentialist at the same time. Just listen to this.

53. CONT'D

Hill leans back against the wall, settling in.

HILL
(READS IN ITALIAN)
"I should like on this occasion to defend existentialism against some charges, which have been brought against it..."

The mechanics look at each other in disbelief, then a smile, a rolling of the eyes, a resigned shrug. After all, this is the EXISTENITALIST AMERICAN RACE DRIVER. They get back to work as Hill drones on. It is going to be a long night.

54. INT. HALL OUTSIDE FERRARI'S OFFICE. MARANELLO - NIGHT

Hill is sitting on his bench, reading the Sarte book, only now, somehow, it is *Being and Nothingness* and he is in a hall waiting to see a doctor. The sign on the door next to him says, *Enzo Ferrari, Medical Doctor.* Hill glances up anxiously every once in a while, and eventually Tavoni comes out dressed as a male nurse.

TAVONI
The doctor is ready to see you now.

55. INT. FERRARI'S DOCTORS OFFICE - NIGHT

Hill is led into the doctor's office, which is much like a clinical version of Ferrari's Maranello office. The Nurse, who is the only one in the room at the moment, is Laura Ferrari. She is all business and doesn't seem to recognize Hill.

LAURA
You have a problem with the foot, we are told.

HILL
No, no, it's the stomach. I've think I developed ulcers. I worry too much, I shouldn't have read *Being and Nothingness,* it made me nervous.

LAURA
What did you read in the book that made you nervous?

55. CONT'D

HILL
(FINDS A PAGE IN THE BOOK)
I read it right here, see?
Right here it says, "I THINK
THEREFORE, I AM. Thus
there is no meaning to anything
outside the human mind.
Thus WE ARE TOTALLY RESPONSIBLE
FOR OUR OWN ACTIONS. Thus,
there is no reason for you to
continue to be a race driver. It
is only through force of will
that you are a race driver in the
first place.
THERE IS NO DESTINY.
You could stop being a race driver
at any moment by simply willing
it."

LAURA
That's very philosophical, and very
elegant. I'm sure. Especially
in the original French version.
But... are you sure the problem isn't
really with your foot?

HILL
(SUDDENLY VERY ANGRY)
What's the matter with you? Why are
you obsessed with my feet?

LAURA
Not with your feet. With your foot,
your right foot. *Ecco!*

Hill looks down at his right foot, and sure enough it is shriveling, shriveling down to the size of a child's foot, a polio foot, a club foot. His shoe - a penny-loafer - dangles, slips off, falls to the floor.

The door to the doctor's office opens and Enzo Ferrari comes in wearing a doctor's outfit. Hill tries to hide his weird foot with the Sarte tome but he isn't fast enough. Ferrari spots the foot, seizes it, examines it with rough professionalism.

FERRARI
Aha! Chiti, Chiti, my chief engineer.
Come quickly. We need a redesign
immediately.

Chiti enters, also in doctor's dress.

CHITI
I have just what the doctor ordered.

FERRARI
Ah yes, good. What is it?

55. CONT'D

CHITI
It is a GERMAN ACCELERATOR FOOT. It is not afraid to press down to the floor.

FERRARI
Bravo! But where did you get such a foot, a German racing foot?

Von Trips comes in. Hill half expects him to be missing a foot, limping, but he is not.

VON TRIPS
I had an extra one. I have enough for the whole team, if it turns out that we need more. I keep them back at the castle in the wine cellar. They're all identical to mine.

He turns shyly to Hill.

VON TRIPS
Hi, Phil. No, no need to thank me. I'm glad to do it for the team.

Ferrari turns to Hill with a FEROCIOUS GLEAM in his eye.

FERRARI
But first we have to remove the old foot, the cowardly, cautious original foot.

And Ferrari brings out a rusty metal-shop saw from behind his back. Hill's withered foot trembles at the sight as though with a life of its own...

Hill turns to the camera, sweat pouring down his face, as Ferrari places Hill's bad foot across his knee and puts the teeth of the saw just above the ankle bone.

HILL
(TO CAMERA)
I need hardly interpret this dream, it's so embarrassingly obvious.

Then Hill screams IN PAIN.

56. INT. HOTEL AURIGA. MILAN. HILL'S ROOM - DAWN

Hill wakes up in hotel room. He sticks his feet outside the covers and wriggles his toes. Everything seems to be functioning as it should.

57. INT. HOTEL AURIGA. MILAN. HILL'S ROOM - MORNING

Hill is eating alone in his room. He has his normal pre-race breakfast of Gerber baby food, which he eats out of the jar, washed down with Gelusil. He stops, looking up and says to no one.

HILL
I HATE RACING.
I'm afraid of the banking. I don't have to race if I don't want to.
If it rains I'll just refuse to race.
I can quit racing any time I want to.

We realize that this is just a kind of morning incantation in which you say everything bad, then get on with it.

Hill finishes eating, grabs his worn canvas equipment bag and his helmet and leaves the room.

58. EXT. MONZA PADDOCK. FERRARI GARAGE - MORNING

The mechanics are rolling Hill's car out for him. It is barely light. Hill sits on a crumbling piece of concrete block, meticulously tying the laces of his left soft-leather bicycling shoe. The old mechanic, unshaven and tired-looking, comes up to Hill.

OLD MECHANIC
It was very kind of you to read to us last night, Signor Hill. The boy and I feel that we have a greater understanding of many things.

Hill nods. Is he kidding? The old man seems sincere.

OLD MECHANIC
Did you get enough sleep for the race?

HILL
I got my normal amount.

Now it is the mechanic's turn to nod.

OLD MECHANIC
(PAUSE)
And also, Signor Phil, we found this in the old engine.

The mechanic holds up a broken valve spring. Hill takes it, studies it for a moment, then gives it back.

Now Hill realizes that this is the old man's way of apologizing for doubting Hill's competitiveness.

HILL
I understand. Well, I have a confession to make, too. I found this in my bed.

58. CONT'D

Hill holds up his still-bare throttle foot, clenched and twisted.

The mechanic is confused at first, then realizes that Hill is joking. He roars with laughter, then returns to Hill's car.

Hill finishes dressing as the mechanics warm up his car for him.

59. EXT. MONZA TRACK. PITS - DAY

Hill walks through the pits. He sees a flock of reporters around von Trips, who looks well-rested despite his partying. Hill's ever-increasing tension as race-time approaches makes him look completely wrecking.

Von Trips is doing an on-the-spot interview with his usual ease.

VON TRIPS
Yes, it is true that I have been called von Crash because some accidents, two of them right here at Monza. My car was destroyed completely in each case.

JOURNALIST
Are you a better driver now?

VON TRIPS
No, just luckier.

REPORTER
Do you have a wife?

Von Trips gestures towards his racecar.

VON TRIPS
I am married to one of these.

Hill slinks around behind the pit wall without being spotted. He finds an isolated spot and begins to retch. There is not too much to come up, just acid.

Hill emerges grim-faced and is about to enter the Ferrari pits where Chiti, Tavoni, and others are waiting, but he is suddenly engulfed by the mob of reporters who have just left von Trips.

REPORTERS
Phil, Phil! Do you feel confident about the race? Can you beat von Trips and take back the lead in the championship, etc?

Hill loses it. He screams to Tavoni.

HILL
Get these people out of here! I've got TO COMPOSE myself!

59. CONT'D

Hill slumps on a tool box in the corner of the pit and turns his face away from the reporters. Tavoni waves his hands at them as though they were a flock of starlings.

TAVONI
Away, away! Tha man has to compose himself, for God's sake!

The reporters grumble and are generally surly. They consider Hill to be an unreasonable prima donna.

REPORTER
Compose? What does need to compose? He's an athlete, not a violinist!

But Hill in a sense a violinist who plays himself, and he is now in the protected corner of the pit, playing his own strings in a reverie. He is practicing his start, or rehearsing the track like a piece of music. His eyes close, but his pupils are swiveling around wildly under the lids.

Hill is awakened out of his reverie by Chiti, who touches him gently.

CHITI
You are so relaxed you are now sleeping right before the race?

HILL
God! Relaxed? I wouldn't say that. But I think I was dreaming. I've never done that before, not at the track. Should I worry?

CHITI
It is simple to interpret. The race will be a dream, A PERFECT DREAM

Hill cannot manage a smile, not given the quality of his dreams lately.

60. EXT. MONZA RACETRACK - DAY

The entire field of 32 Formula One cars sits on the starting grid in staggered rows of two. Hill and Ginther are on the second row behind von Trips, who has the pole. The engines sing in a rising and falling cadence which escalates in intensity as the Italian flag is dropped by the starter.

The cars explode off the grid. Von Trips does not get a good start and half the pack streams past him. Hill is first onto the banking with Ginther right behind him. Von Trips gradually begins to emerge from the pack of slower cars he has been caught in.

60. CONT'D

A cloud of smoke billows out one of Ginther's exhaust pipes - a valve spring, as Hill had predicted - and he coasts to a halt.

Hill is already well out of sight when von Trips makes his move to pass Jimmy Clark in his Lotus at the approach to the high-speed Parabolica corner. Von Trips sweeps out past Clark, brakes, and then turns in for the corner. But he has not factored into his move the late-braking capability of the lighter, more nimble Lotus, and Clark is right back up beside up when von Trips turns in.

When open-wheel cars touch wheels, all hell breaks loose, and so on it does. The Lotus spins wildly, slamming the dirt bank, coming to a dusty halt at the edge of the road. Von Trips's Ferrari whiplashes into a steel guardrail, ricochets across the track and sideswipes the bordering chain-link and the spectators packed behind it.

The Ferrari continues on, hurtling end-over-end onto the track where it collapses into a tangled mass of smoking wreckage. von Trips's body sprawls face-down on the grass verge, some thirty yards from his car.

61. INT. FERRARI'S MARANELLO OFFICE - DAY

Ferrari sits glued to the television set, telephone at the ready beside him. He is watching the aftermath of the crash of von Trips, and when he speaks, he speaks to no-one is in the room with him.

FERRARI
Abbiamo perduto.
We have lost.

He gets up from the table, shaking his head sadly. We come close to the TV set and hear the announcer saying that ht doesn't know how seriously injured von Trips is, but certainly Phil Hill is firmly in the lead... and we see this, Hill leading, but perhaps this is irrelevant to Ferrari, because at this moment he switches the TV set off.

62. EXT. MONZA RACETRACK - DAY

By the time Hill's racecar reaches the site of the crash, von Trips's body has been removed on a stretcher. Hill sees debris and dust, waving yellow flags, the number four Ferrari upside-down. In short, nothing he hasn't seen before.

What he *doesn't* see is the police behind the chain-link fence covering the bodies of fourteen spectators with blankets and coats.

Hill pushes on even harder, determined not to let this opportunity for the world championship slip away.

63. INT. FERRARI'S MARANELLO OFFICE - DAY

In the Maranello office, the phone is ringing. Ferrari answers the phone.

FERRARI
(ONTO THE PHONE)
Yes, Tavoni, yes. I've seen it. Our great Tetutonic knight has fallen. Is there any hope that he is not seriously injured? Yes, call me when you know anything. Yes we have lost the race.

64. EXT. MONZA RACETRACK - DAY

But Hill crosses the finish line to win the race. He throws a jubilant fist into the thin air to acknowledge the chequered flag.

65. EXT. MONZA RACETRACK - DAY

Hill pulls into the pits and as he gets out of the car he is greeted by Chiti and Tavoni, who pats Hill perfunctorily on the back. For some reason, Hill is limping favoring his right foot.

HILL
HOW IS VON TRIPS?

Chiti shrugs and looks grim.

CHITI
As well as can be expected.

Chiti's expression says, "Don't ask me any more, if you want to take any pleasure out of this at all." Hill doesn't ask more.

CHITI
Are you limping, Phil?

HILL
No, no, I don't think so.

TAVONI
Come to the winner's stand. Come now. You are the new World Champion and everyone needs to see you in your laurels.

Chiti and the others, the mechanics, Tavoni, Ginther, move the definitely limping Hill through the excited throng to the victor's podium. Waiting for Hill, smiling enigmatically, is Laura Ferrari, who immediately slips her arm around his.

65. CONT'D

LAURA
(SMILING ENIGMATICALLY)
I told you that you would be WORLD CHAMPION AND NOW YOU ARE.

The victor's laurels are looped over Hill's neck. Champagne is drunk. Speeches are begun. But things are strained rather than delirious and everything has a sour taste to it.

Hill sags inside. It is obvious now that von Trips is dead. He will have to struggle through this moment instead of soaring with it.

66. INT. HALLWAY AT MARANELLO - NIGHT

Ferrari and Gianni Roghi walk along a narrow, darkly-lit hallway that leads to the press room. They both look grim.

FERRARI
(PAUSE)
I know now what the title of my book must be, my autobiography, the opera of my life.

ROGHI
What is it to be?

FERRARI
Le Mie Gioie Terribili. My Terrible Joys... My... Terrible... Joys...

67. INT. MARANELLO PRESS ROOM - NIGHT

Howling and snarling, the pack of dogs at the lion again. This time, however, Hill, Tavoni and Ginther at the back of the press room in a gesture of team support for Ferrari.

JOURNALIST #1
Signor Ferrari, the Vatican itself, in its newspaper the *Osservatore Roamno*, compares you to the mythological Saturn devouring his own children.
(READS)
"An industrial Saturn, a modernized Saturn who has become a captain of industry, continues to devour his own sons."

JOURNALIST #2
On this one point we of the communist press agree with the Vatican, motor racing is immoral and socially unprofitable and should be banned.

67. CONT'D

JOURNALIST #3
There must be demands for the courts to try Mr. Ferrari for murder and for the racer Jimmy Clark too, and possibly other members of the Lotus team.

JOURNALIST #4
But the legal aspects are not the most important. There is an ambulance at Ferrari that leads to excessive behavior, and then to death. One well might say that it's the very name of Ferrari that causes death.

JOURNALIST #5
If that's true then Ferrari must be forced to give up racing.

JOURNALIST #6
Mr. Ferrari always threatens to give up racing but in reality he never intends to give up his vicious little hobby.

There is a lull in the proceedings during which all eyes turn back to Ferrari. Ferrari seem to lost in a thought for a beat, then without preamble, he launches into a tirade with a forceful voice and genuine bitterness.

FERRARI
Let me remind you that this room is the same kneel of snarling dogs that at the beginning of the season was demanding victory at all costs, and an Italian champion to boot. And now, Ferrari is a murder and you... you are all hypocrites.

JOURNALIST #3
The government is saying that perhaps the Ferrari cars are not safe that von Trips's car collapsed around him. Is it not true that you are willing to sacrifice safety in order to make your cars lighter and more competitive than the others?
The English Lotus of Jimmy Clark survived the collision in one piece.

Hill has been fuming throughout the whole confrontation, but he can't take this last accusation.

HILL
(SHOUTING)
That's ridiculous!
Everyone knows that FERRARIES are the HEAVIEST and STRONGEST cars on the track. The Lotuses are the cars that break.

67. CONT'D

Suddenly the mob is about to turn on Hill. They shout for him to get up on the stage within reach of the microphones.

Hill, still limping, turns to leave with Ginther right behind him when Tavoni works his way through the crowd and takes him by the arm.

TAVONI
Phil, where are you going?

HILL
I can't take this nonsense.

TAVONI
But will you stay in Modena?

HILL
I don't think so.

TAVONI
Please stay in Modena...a few days. Until von Trips's funeral. Ferrari has told me to ask you.

Hill looks across the room at the beleaguered old man, hollow-eyed and desperate behind the anger and ferocity. Hill nods yes, yes, he will stay.

68. EXT. CAVALLINO RESTAURANT. MARANELLO - DAY

Hill sits alone over a glass of milk. In walks Ferrari, sunken-eyed and with the shadow of a beard. He sees Hill and walks over to him.

FERRARI
May I?

HILL
Please, yes.

Ferrari sits heavily. He gestures "double espresso" to the waiter, who nods crisply.

FERRARI
Thank you for interceding at the press conference. A hopeless but noble gesture.

HILL
I couldn't sit there and listen to that nonsense.

FERRARI
Did I see you limping as you left the room? Are you hurt?

HILL
Uh, no, it's nothing really, a... uh, minor problem with my foot. Maybe a stretched tendon.

68. CONT'D

At this moment a perfectly restored 1927 Bugatti Grand Prix car, a Type 35B, French-racing blue, pulls up at the curb in a cloud of oil smoke and gear noise.

An oldish, bearded gentleman gets out and enters the restaurant leaving his string-back gloves neatly folded on the driver's seat.

Hill wants to get up and examines the car but restrains himself out of respect for Ferrari. Somehow Ferrari is totally aware of the car even though he hasn't actually turned around to look at it.

FERRARI
It's a beautiful machine, a Bugatti.

HILL
Very beautiful. It's the Ferrari of the pre-war era.

Ferrari pauses at this thought, then sighs heavily.

FERRARI
Will it be ENOUGH, Phil?

HILL
Will... what? I don't understand.

FERRARI
Will what we do be enough for us to achieve some measure of immortality? Is there ANY MEANING at all in what we do... our cruel, petty sport... OUR MACHINES, OUR CREATIVITY?

HILL
That is too fearful to ask. I don't allow myself to ask those question.

FERRARI
Bugatti was a father who left no sons. His dream, his aesthetic, his vision, have disappeared off the face of the earth. All that's left is that pretty museum piece.

Hill is at a loss for words. He toys with his glass. The old man fixes him with a hard eye.

FERRARI
Will you come back next year? Will you sign with the team?

68. CONT'D

HILL
(TAKEN BY SURPRISE)
I... yes, I will. Of course.
I will come back next year.

FERRARI
(NODDING)
Good. That is good.

HILL
You talk of our next season...

FERRARI
Yes. THE NEXT SEASON is always
the best one.

HILL
But there is still a race *this*
season. The American race at
Watkins Glen...

FERRARI
Not for us. NOT FOR FERRARI.

HILL
But as you know it is the greatest
honor for a man to race in his own
country's Grand Prix...
It is a special thing...

FERRARI
You are the world champion, and
Ferrari is the constructors'
champion, and we must stop now
before we tempt fate into further
viciousness. If I had known that
von Trips was dead, I would have
taken you and Ginther out of the
race.

Ferrari stands up, having quickly downed his double espresso.

FERRARI
Come to the office tomorrow.
I will have the papers for you to
sign. The terms will be exactly
the same as last year.

Ferrari turns on his heels and walks back into the restaurant, now with a more purposeful stride than the one he arrived with. Hill is left to wonder, Did I just get taken? Did I just witness an operatic performance of the highest order?

Hill leaves some money for his milk, and gets up and walks across the street towards the factory.

69. EXT. INNER COURTYARD. FERRARI FACTORY - DAY

In the inner courtyard of the Ferrari factory, just in front of the race shop. Hill's two mechanics are using wielding torches to cut up the frames of the team's four shark-nosed Formula One cars.

Some of the body panels of the cars have been sectioned already, stacked like red aluminum house-siding under a tree. Along the wall of the race shop, eight Dino V-6 engines have been lined up, as if awaiting execution.

When the mechanics become aware of Hill watching them, they extinguish their torches and slide their wielding goggles up onto their foreheads.

HILL
What's going on?

OLD MECHANIC
It is a sad day.
We have been ordered to cut up
all of this year's cars.

YOUNG MECHANIC
They are to be sold to no privateers
or collectors, the Commendatore
sad. He will come to check all the
pieces.

HILL
(FLUSTERED)
But the season isn't even over yet.
I mean, he's never done this before.
And to cut up the championship-winning
cars...! Isn't it worth using them
even for testing? For development?
For comparison?

OLD MECHANIC
It began when we got back the pieces
from von Trips's car.
They had been held by the police for
examination and photographs in case
of legal proceedings.

YOUNG MECHANIC
The journalists will say that Ferrari
wanted to destroy evidence harmful
for him, but of course the police
found nothing. The cars were strong
as usual.

OLD MECHANIC
(SHEEPISH)
Except for the valve springs.
They were faulty like yours and
Ginther's. Von Trips's car
would never have lasted the race.

HILL
You're not destroying the engine as
well?

69. CONT'D

OLD MECHANIC
Yes, yes, the engines too. The Commendatore says we will need new weapons next year to defeat the new English Coventry-Climax V-8 motors. And these are too small anyway for the sport-cars.

YOUNG MECHANIC
Will you be with us next year, Signor Phil?

HILL
Yes, I just promised Ferrari that I would.

YOUNG MECHANIC
(MYSTERIOUSLY, BUT A DISTRACTED HILL MISSES THE INNUENDO)
It will be good, then, to see at least one familiar face next year.

HILL
(DAZED)
Yes, yes.

70. INT. HILL'S HOTEL ROOM. MODENA - DAY

Hill is packing his clothes and limping around the room as Ginther watches.

HILL
I hope this suit is dark enough for a funeral. I don't want to insult or embarrass anyone.

GINTHER
Von Trips's mother would want to have you there even if you wore an ice-cream suit.

HILL
Ferrari wants to KILL MY CHAMPIONSHIP YEAR. He HATES it that I won. I wasn't the one who was supposed to win.

GINTHER
Says who?

HILL
That's why he cut up our cars. There won't be anyone to restore my car like the guy who restored Peter Collins's car. (MORE)

70. CONT'D

HILL (CONT'D)
He is DESTROYING the evidence, the evidence of my championship year. He is killing our history here at Ferrari.

GINTHER
You'll just have to win next year, then. You're limping. What happened?

HILL
I don't know. I noticed it as I left the victory podium. I might have stretched a ligament heel-and-toeing or something.

GINTHER
Are you going to the US Grand Prix?

HILL
They want to parade me around in a convertible to wave at the crowd. First American World Champion. It's gonna be embarrassing as hell. A DRIVER WITH NO RIDE IS LIKE A TIGER WITH NO TEETH. Let's go.

Hill throws the car keys to Ginther.

HILL
I don't think I can drive all the way to Germany. Foot's getting worse. Can't keep my foot down.

71. EXT. VILLAGE NEAR BURG HEMMERSBACH. GERMANY - DAY

Von Trips's FUNERAL PROCESSION moves slowly along the cobblestone road which is the main road of a town just outside the von Trips's castle of Burg Hemmersbach. Rain is fallin, but none of the pallbearers wears a raincoat. Ginther, Hill, and six others walk bareheaded beside von Trips's casket which is being carried at walking pace on the passenger side of Von Trips's open silver Ferrari. Flowers cover the top of the casket and a huge wreath, slightly off-set so that the driver of the Ferrari can see, sits on the hood of the car.

The Ferrari is moving at a very slow pace behind a band dressed in black playing Chopin's Funeral March. The pace is set by an ancient woman also dressed in black entirely in black who carries a symbolic brass lantern. The cobblestones are slippery, the Ferrari is overheating and slipping its clutch, the rain drums monotonously on the casket, and the crowd lining the main street of the ancient town in mournful.

All the procession crawls along. Hill's limp becomes more and more extreme.

72. EXT. VON TRIPS FAMILY CHAPEL - DAY

The von Trips FAMILY CHAPEL is on a high knoll. The eight pall-bearers clamber up the rain-soaked hill, slipping and sliding on the mud, bearing the heavy casket, using their free hands to keep the flowers and wreath in place.

Hill's shoe is partially sucked off his right foot by the mud but he manages to jam his foot back into it without faltering.

As we approach the knoll's thickly treed summit, with the priest and others gathered around it, awaiting the casket for THE FINAL SERVICE before entombment, we can also see the gothic mausoleum awaiting von Trips's body just one side of the chapel.

73. INT. PENSION. VILLAGE NEAR BURG HEMMERSBACH - LATE DAY

Hill is taking a hot bath in the pension's bathroom when Chiti comes in, hardly noticing Hill's embarrassment at being caught in the tub.

CHITI
Ah, so you are in here. A message for you from Frau von Trips. She would like you to visit the castle this evening. She would like to talk to you - just for a few minutes - before you leave.

HILL
Yes, sure. I think I need to talk to her, too.

Chiti sits down on the wicker laundry hamper in the corner something heavy on his mind. Hill stirs in the tub uneasily. He would like to come out for the rest of this conversation, but it would be too awkward.

CHITI
You have heard about THE EXODUS, about THE DEFECTION?

HILL
No.

CHITI
WE ARE ALL LEAVING FERRARI. We are going to form a new team.

HILL
Who's leaving Ferrari?

CHITI
Everyone. Me, Tavoni, Della Casa, Gilberti, Baghetti, Blizzarini, other engineers, mechanics. Your friend Ginther....

73. CONT'D

HILL
Richie?

CHITI
Yes, I just talked to him.
We will be based in Bologna.
We want you to join us, Phil.
You will be our number one
driver, of course...

HILL
Everyone leaving?
That's just not a defection.
Ferrari will see that as a
BETRAYAL.

CHITI
That's just it.
We can't take any more of the
FERRARI RELIGION.
We are racers, we just want to
race. We are tired of having
to worship at the shrine of
Ferrari!
The politics at the race shop
are worse than the Vatican.
We'd be better off if Ferrari
were elected Pope and left the
racing to the racers.

HILL
Carlo, I wish I had known.
I've already signed for next
year.

CHITI
But Ferrari didn't tell you that
the factory would be full of
strangers.

HILL
He didn't tell me.

CHITI
Then... tear the piece of paper.

HILL
The problem is not the piece of
paper. I gave my word.

Chiti sighs and shakes his head sadly.

73. CONT'D

CHITI
He plays you like a violin, my friend. I only hope you have a car to race next year, Phil. At the moment, there is no-one to design it or to build it. You will be alone with Ferrari, his only faithful son. I hope you will be able to bear the full force of your father's love.

Chiti rises to go, his huge bulk almost filling the tiny bathroom.

HILL
Carlo? Your FERRARI DREAM. Remember? You promised you tell me if I won the championship.

CHITI
Ah yes,, the dream. I dreamt that Laura Ferrari came to me and offered to finance a new race team that would defeat the team of her husband.
(CHUCKLES)
She was so full of vengeance!
It may seem strange, but it was that dream that gave me the courage to plan my new Formula One team.

HILL
And is Laura Ferrari involved in financing your new team?

CHITI
(EVASIVE)
It would be a shocking thing, no?

Hill waits for more, but Chiti is not about to give him more. Hill tries a different tack.

HILL
(PAUSE)
Carlo, is that boy who has started to come to the races, Piero Lardi... is he really FERRARI'S SON?

Chiti's eyebrows register surprise at Hill's interest. He smiles a gentle smile.

CHITI
Yes, he is really Ferrari's son.

Chiti opens the bathroom door to leave.

CHITI
I will tell von Trips's mother you accept her invitation.

The door closes, and Hill is alone in his rapidly chilling bath water.

74. EXT. BURG HEMMERSBACH - NIGHT

The von Trips's castle seems positively mournful in the moonlight. We discover Hill's rented VW Beetle parked in a small compound near the front gates

75. INT. BURG HEMMERSBACH - NIGHT

Hill accompanied by a servant, enters a huge, elegantly furnished drawing room. Frau von Trips, simply dressed in black, sits at the far end in a Victorian wing-back chair. She gestures for Hill to sit opposite her, and the servant withdraws and closes the door behind Hill.

FRAU VON TRIPS
Please, Philip. Sit here.

Hill walks across the room and sits down. Frau von Trips looks pale and exhausted but still alert, still strong. Everything she says, however, is invested with powerful, barely controlled emotion. Hill is terrified that she will burst into tears while he is alone with her.

FRAU VON TRIPS
You are limping, Philip.
You twisted your ankle carrying
my son's coffin.

HILL
No, no. It happened... before the
funeral.

FRAU VON TRIPS
It was an impressive funeral, do you
not think?

HILL
(CAREFULLY)
It gave me a very strong and beautiful
sense of the history of this region of
Germany and of the place of the von
Trips family in that history.

FRAU VON TRIPS
That's very sweet of you to say.

HILL
This must be unbearable for you.
I'm so sorry.

FRAU VON TRIPS
Wolfgang would not have had it any
other way. He was completely passionate
about racing. IT WAS HIS DESTINY.
I'm sure you understand.

75. CONT'D

HILL
I'm very DIFFERENT from your son.
I've always had doubts.
It has struck me that the racing
was completely accidental, that
it could've been anything else for
me. It could've easily have been
something more... sensible, or
productive.

FRAU VON TRIPS
(LAUGHS)
More sensible or productive?
You sound more like a mother than a
race driver.

Hill can't help chuckling himself.

HILL
It's true that your son thought of me
more as his maiden aunt than as a
team-mate, I think.

FRAU VON TRIPS
But Philip, eventually you will have
a wife and children?

HILL
(PAUSE)
After the racing stops.

The door behind Hill opens. The servant comes in and stands with a sense of significance beside the open door. Frau von Trips smiles wearily.

FRAU VON TRIPS
I'm sorry. My medical advisor is
signaling to me that I must rest
now. Thank you so much for coming
to see me.

Hill stands immediately takes the hand Frau von Trips offers him. He crosses the room and is only two steps from the door when Frau von Trips calls after him.

FRAU VON TRIPS
Philip?

Hill stops and turns to her.

FRAU VON TRIPS
You are no longer limping.
Have you noticed?

Hill looks down at his feet, puts some weight on his right foot.

HILL
You're right, Frau von Trips.
The pain is gone.
(PAUSE)
Thank you.

75. CONT'D

Frau von Trips smiles. Hill turns and leaves. The door closes between them.

76. EXT. U.S. GRAND PRIX. WATKINS GLEN. NEW YORK - DAY

An overcast October New England afternoon. A race track. An expectant crowd lining the hilly, heavily-wooded ribbon of asphalt.

We know exactly where we are because a banner strung across the track reads, U.S. GRAND PRIX, WATKINS GLEN, N.Y.
The sound of a motor draws the eager eyes of the many thousands of spectators, who strain to see what's coming over the hill. A car appears, but it is not a racecar. It is a white 1961 Cadillac convertible, and Phil Hill sitting on the car's rear deck with his feet on the back seat, waving at the crowd.

A white banner taped to the side of the Caddie says PHIL HILL, FIRST AMERICAN WORLD CHAMPION, TEAM FERRARI in red and blue letters.

We come close to Hill as he waves at the crowd, which ripples with excitement and applause as he sweeps by. The driver of the Cadillac, a young track worker wearing a peaked cap with the USGP Watkins Glen logo, turns to Hill.

CADDIE DRIVER
Wow, they really love you, Mr. Hill. Isn't this great?

Hill smiles. It is a sad, ironic smile.

HILL
It's the best.

The white Cadillac crests the next hill, then slowly disappears over it.

THE END